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MANOEUVRES AND REALITIES

THE League of Nations opened in a wave of popular idealism. It failed because, when the test came, sovereign States, economic competitors and rivals for power, put their private interests before the larger conception of collective advantage. The cynicism in which the League collapsed is the atmosphere in which UNO opens. Headlines and broadcasts beat vainly against the wall of public disillusion. Perhaps it is better to begin by hoping too little and then to achieve something, than to begin with hopes that must be disappointed. Scepticism is based on the knowledge that if the big Powers continue selfish policies, finely phrased resolutions will mean nothing. The Moscow Conference went only a small way in reconciling differences. Russia agreed to broaden the Governments of Rumania and Bulgaria, and negotiations to this end are proceeding. The Far Eastern situation is improved by an agreement which showed that Russia and America wish to reach some settlement, and their mood is reflected in one of the periodical renewals of negotiations between Chungking and the Communists. But the attention of the delegates to UNO has already been focused on the interpretation of the Moscow decision to submit atomic bomb problems to a UNO Commission. Senator Vandenberg, on board ship from America, told correspondents that he intended to insist on making it clear that the United States was not committed to sharing any secrets. Though the suggestion of an amendment to the Moscow decision is technically impossible, the desire of the Republican Party to demonstrate to the American public that it will surrender no jot of United States power may still lead to an awkward situation in which Mr. Byrnes offers a mystifying "clarification" of words that are already clear enough. Whether Mr. Vyshinsky will exactly concur with the interpretation remains to be seen.

Apart from these open discussions, delegates will throughout have in their minds the great unsolved problems of the Middle East and Europe. It is not believed that Persia will herself publicly raise the question of Russian intentions, but it would not be surprising if its apprehensions found some expression in the Assembly. It is known that Stalin has told Mr. Bevin that he desires a peaceful settlement with Turkey over the Dardanelles and other matters and that in no circumstances does he contemplate any violent action. He prefers direct negotiations between Russia and Turkey, but may agree to other Powers helping if no bilateral agreement is reached. Many delegates may be tempted to give more attention to whispers of private discussions on these issues than they give to such public tasks as the election of the first President for the Assembly, and the six non-permanent members of the Security Council.

Perhaps the most important proposal so far in prospect for UNO is to make UNRRA its responsibility. This is the suggestion of Great Britain, where much deeper concern is felt than in Russia or America for the desperate miseries of Europe. It would not be surprising if Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin attempted at this meeting of UNO to steer it from the rapids of Big Power politics and to lead those commonsense people and nations who are chiefly concerned with matters of human welfare. In stressing the problem of the Displaced Persons and seeking to make UNRRA a more permanent instrument of Rehabilitation under the ægis of UNO the British Government is looking to the most hopeful line of world development. The need of Europe is terrible; it will be increased rather than diminished in the months before the next potato crop and harvest, and the demands of the winter of 1946 may not be less than those of 1945. Here is one "functional" activity actually in operation; it is only through the increase of joint work on practical issues that reality is likely to be brought into UNO.

The General and the Jews

No one knows precisely what General Morgan said about refugee Jews, or what he meant, or how much of whatever he did say was justified. The hullabaloo was occasioned by remarks "needled" from him by reporters after he had made a set statement on the position of UNRRA. No full record exists of phrases that were probably ill-considered, but which certainly did not carry any of the Goebbelesque colour placed on them in the United States. It is clear that General Morgan was trying to persuade the world to face the complexities of the refugee and Displaced Persons problem. He seems to have said that Jews arrived with exaggerated reports of pogroms. This may well be true, though there is evidence that, despite the efforts of the Warsaw Government, anti-Semitic outbursts have been stimulated by Fascist groups in Poland. He apparently added that some Jews were well supplied with money and that they had been told by some organisation or other that if they came to the British zone they would be sent to Palestine. According to reports, he also said that in such conflicts of racial passion and misery lie the seeds of war—which has been represented in the United States as a repetition of the Nazi view that war is caused by international Jewry. There is no reason to think that General Morgan has anti-Semitic views: indeed we have evidence to the contrary; still less that he intended to propound a new version of the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. It should not surprise or anger anyone if in fact there were an attempt to organise another Exodus of the Jews from a continent where their sojourn has been incomparably more terrible than their exile in Pharaoh's Egypt.

We want the facts about how many Jews in Europe want to go to Palestine, and we want advice about where they can best live. It was for this reason that an Anglo-American Commission was appointed, and it is altogether ludicrous that through American pressure this Commission is now sitting in Washington, thousands of miles away from the proper scene of its enquiry. These irrelevant hearings in Washington should cease, and the Commission proceed without delay to do its job in Europe and the Middle East.

It is easy to understand why UNRRA immediately announced it had sacked General Morgan. Whatever he had said or whatever the

truth of the situation, it was clear that he has impulsively plunged into the thickets of high policy about which he had no business to speak on his own responsibility. He should have been called home to explain himself; by sacking him without more ado UNRRA has given a handle to those whose line of propaganda is that Jewish dictatorship decides international policy and appointments. In fact, UNRRA would have had to take action in the case of an important official making such indiscreet remarks on any subject. The whole problem of displaced persons of Europe, including those of Jewish extraction, who have suffered incredible miseries and who are only the remnant left from Hitler's slaughter-houses, needs immediate review and the co-ordinated action of the responsible Powers. This, we take it, was what the General was trying to convey. It is a pity that he sacrificed himself and created an international row by alarmist and provocative words.

One good result may follow from the General's indiscretion. If those in America who are using the incident as another stick with which to beat the British can control their emotions for a moment, they may see that they have themselves a very special responsibility. The British have been hesitant and confused in their Palestinian policy, but their problem is real and complex, and their attitude honesty and humanity itself in comparison with that of Americans who, bitterly reviling the British, fill newspaper columns with terribly true stories of the sufferings of European Jewry, and do not themselves propose any solution or offer to receive in America many Jews who cannot in any case go to Palestine.

Tensions in the Middle East

The immediate obstacle in the way of Russo-British understanding in the Middle East is the fact that, while Mr. Bevin tends to talk of "British imperial interests" in the accents of Victorian diplomacy, the Russians appear to be engrossed by Czarist conceptions of "security." Mr. Molotov's last-minute rejection of a tripartite Commission to investigate affairs in Persia has to be construed as implying a Russian claim to foster, without interference from the West, the pro-Soviet Democratic party in Azerbaijan. Russian support for Lebanese protests against the temporary retention in the Lebanon of some French forces is evidently intended as a counter to Turkish efforts to achieve a *rapprochement* with the Arab League; if the U.S.S.R. is accepted as the friend of Islam, Turkey—isolated save for the geographically remote backing of Britain and the United States—will be in no position to refuse the cession of "historical Georgia" to the U.S.S.R. So the technique of Moscow appears to run. Does Russia really want Kars and Ardahan? The German documents released at Nuremberg, and giving the German version of the Russo-German talks in 1940, indicate that even then Mr. Molotov was talking of Russian claims in Eastern Turkey. But the real issue is the international control of the Dardanelles. If agreement could be reached on revision of the Montreux Convention on terms satisfactory to Russia as well as other Powers, Moscow might be less concerned to secure tactical advantages in other Mid-East directions.

The Powers and Germany

Shelved at the Moscow Conference last month, problems—economic and political—in the control of Germany are becoming so insistent that renewed effort by the four occupying Powers to reach agreement on their solution is imperative. By February 2nd, under the terms of the Potsdam accord, a decision must be taken on the amount of industrial plant which can be removed from the Western Zones for reparations. This decision presupposes agreement (not yet in sight) on the volume of industry necessary for Germany's peacetime economy. Here arises sharply the question of Germany's future frontiers in the West and the methods by which the Ruhr is to be "controlled." As matters stand, every issue in Germany is being complicated by divergent Allied policies. The French, in their Zone, are endeavouring to foster separatist tendencies and have established a German civil administration under a Christian Democrat president. In the American Zone, military government personnel is being rapidly withdrawn and local self-government hastily organised. Reports from the overcrowded British Zone, where famine conditions can be avoided only if wheat imports continue on a large scale, suggest that the recent more careful exclusion of political undesirables from administrative posts gives many Nazis an increased opportunity of secret organisation and propaganda. In the absence of concerted policy for administering a unitary Reich, or indeed of agreement whether unity is to be allowed, there is little chance of a revival of healthy, democratic political life. In the Russian Zone, pressure from the occupying Power has resulted in the Social-Democrats consenting to form with the Communists a joint committee charged with the task of preparing for party fusion in an *Einheitspartei der Arbeiter*. The idea of a single party apparently does not commend itself to Social-Democrats in the British and American Zones, nor (we suspect) to the occupying Powers; but, if the Russians persist in their policy, the Social-Democrats may be split. This would not help towards restoration of democracy in Germany. But what chance is there for Germans of good will to gain authority over their countrymen (as opposed to mere dependence on Allied bayonets) until the Powers decide whether there is to be an economically viable Reich?

Recognition of Austria

The four occupying Powers have now recognised the Austrian Government led by Chancellor Figl. After the elections there was no reason for further delay. But how much difference will this change in legal status make? The main problems that face the Austrian Government are virtually insoluble so long as the country remains divided into four zones, in each of which the Austrian authorities work under different conditions. Austria will not find economic rehabilitation easy in any case, but it is difficult even to make a beginning whilst movement of materials and food is hamstrung by arbitrary and unnatural divisions of territory, resources and control. For the present, the Allied Council in Vienna is to remain, though there is now a suggestion that its functions are to be reviewed by the four Powers. We hope that this is the first hint that Allied occupation forces are to be reduced from their present burdensome and excessive level. The four Powers' Note further suggests an eventual revision of the Austrian frontiers. Yugoslav claims on Carinthia are likely to be pressed in spite of the opposition of the British who, during the Austrian elections, actually exacted a pledge from all parties that frontier revision would not be raised in their programmes. The South Tyrol, moreover, remains a difficult case. Its cession to Italy after 1918 was ethnographically unjust, and aimed simply at a now meaningless strategic frontier; and, though Austria has again been associated with Germany in defeat, the Austrian Government will probably request its return. But how far has Mussolini's ruthless "Italianisation" of the Tyrol succeeded? Would the return of the Tyrol create a new minority problem?

Inside Utopia

The wave of strikes, now paralysing some of America's key industries, is not the only reason for the failure of private enterprise to produce the golden era which, we were told last July, was our lot also if we rejected the Labour programme of economic controls. In his broadcast on January 3rd President Truman roundly criticised Congress for its obstruction of legislation designed to promote a high level of employment and to secure adequate unemployment benefits—measures on which the 1944 Democratic platform was based and which have already been laid before Congress. Though much of the mechanical reconversion of industry has been completed, the shortage of goods is still so severe that the President warned his listeners of an imminent inflation unless Congress would permit the Administration to intervene in wage disputes and drastically to control prices. In recent months Mr. Truman has paid little attention to domestic policy—the price, no doubt, of Congressional endorsement of his foreign policy. Now he seems to have realised that, if Congress will not itself move, then he must copy Mr. Roosevelt's technique of enlisting public pressure on Congress. But Mr. Truman's first steps to end the strike-wave are probably inadequate and certainly unpopular. Fact-finding Commissions are resented by the employers, who, like General Motors, are unwilling to discuss union wage-claims on the basis of capacity to pay. Nor do the unions love the idea of a thirty-day truce before strike-notices become operative. Their claims, which range from a flat two dollars a day in the steel and electrical industries—in both of which mass strikes are scheduled for the middle of January—to the percentage increase demanded by the United Automobile Workers, are urgent for their membership which has to meet a soaring cost of living out of steadily shrinking take-home pay. But these wage demands are but part of the problem of providing a home market capable of absorbing an adequate part of America's vast potential output. If American Big Business is still unable to understand that higher prices and lower wages are the surest roads to economic collapse, its next lesson may come sooner than even the pessimists expected.

Projecting America

While the British Government's plans for post-war official publicity hang fire, the U.S. State Department has lost no time in creating a propaganda machine which is to take over from the Office of War Information the task of "projecting" abroad the American way of life. Under Mr. Benton, Assistant Secretary of State, the Office of International Information and Cultural Affairs will have branches in sixty-two countries, and will broadcast in eighteen languages. One might have thought that the "full and fair picture" of American activities which the new Office is to present could be obtained by foreigners from the spate of American films and magazines with which the world is flooded—to say nothing of the vigorous commercial newsagencies of the United States. But no; a booklet prepared on O.I.I.C.A.'s programme by Dr. MacMahon argues that steps must be taken to counteract the bias of propaganda disseminated by the British Government's "agents"—the B.B.C. and Reuters. Dr. MacMahon's grossly inaccurate charges against Reuters have been torn to shreds by that agency's general manager, Mr. Chancellor, who had little difficulty in establishing that Reuter is both independent of Government control and guiltless of distorting or suppressing American news. As for the B.B.C., its present status is definitely not that of a State-controlled organisation, as the State Department is well aware. The aggressive manner in which O.I.I.C.A. has been launched (or perhaps one should say "sold to Congress") augurs ill for its success in-making for improved international relations. We wonder what the State Department's reaction would be to a Russian propaganda organisation with branches throughout Latin America.

U.S.S.R. and Bretton Woods

Russia's announcement of her inability to ratify the Bretton Woods agreements without "more time for study" is reported to have caused pained astonishment in Washington, where it is pointed out that eighteen months have passed since Russia signed the Final Act. Non-adherence by the Soviet Union leaves a glaring gap in the Monetary

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Fund; but we find little cause for surprise in Moscow's decision to withhold ratification. Under the Washington Agreements covering the U.S. loan to Britain, the Bretton Woods mechanism is now linked with a new factor—the draft International Trade Convention, on whose terms the British and American Governments reached agreement without reference to the U.S.S.R. That Convention seeks to provide that State trading enterprises shall be "influenced solely by commercial considerations," and that nations having a State monopoly of foreign trade must refrain from any "discriminatory" bilateral dealings. It would have been astonishing if the U.S.S.R. had followed Britain's example in ratifying Bretton Woods without first wanting to know how these trade provisions are to be reconciled with Russian practice or, indeed, the requirements of any planned Socialist State.

Land Workers' Wages

The farm workers are badly upset by the refusal of the Agricultural Wages Board to grant any increase over the basic wage of 70s. a week. Notwithstanding the reduction of the working week from 50 to 48 hours, the improvement of overtime pay, the concession of a full week's holiday (in place of a four days), and the increase in women's rates, all granted by the Board, the farm workers are justly dissatisfied. They are tied to the land, at a wage well below what many of them could get if they were free to move, and they feel that their claim to wages level with those of urban workers of comparable skill has been unfairly rejected. On the other hand, their claim cannot be met without increasing the cost of food production and either raising consumers' prices or adding to the already heavy subsidies. In our view it ought to be met, unpleasant as these alternatives are; for we cannot either keep the workers tied to their jobs much longer or afford the exodus from land work which would occur if the restrictions on movement were taken off. The time has come when the land worker has to be paid as highly as his urban compatriot; and if that means dearer food (or, of course, more heavily subsidised food) the fact must be faced and the remedy sought in higher productive efficiency rather than in continued exploitation of the land worker.

The Miners' Claims

Mr. Lawther's New Year message to miners embodied six claims: (1) wages as good as those paid in other important industries, especially for young miners; (2) a guaranteed week of five days; (3) two weeks' holiday with pay; (4) more food for mining areas, either in higher rations or in the form of extra non-rationed foods; (5) a special higher rate of compensation for injuries; and (6) more attention to training and education of young miners, and to housing and social conditions in the mining villages. This programme is something of a mixture; for the full claim cannot obviously be met except over a considerable period. But in the main it is eminently reasonable. There can be no possible reason, in face of the shortage of miners, for refusing the guaranteed week. Pay and conditions must be made good enough to attract recruits into the industry; and there is a very strong case for a special compensation plan in view of the quite exceptional dangers of the miners' calling. If Mr. Shinwell's new Recruiting Officer, Mr. Noel Newsome, is to succeed in his task, he must have something more than fair words to offer to the young men to whom his appeal is to be made; and Mr. Lawther's points provide a basis. Indeed, it should be possible to go beyond them, at no risk of finding the obligation costly, and to offer some guarantee of continuous pay and employment going well beyond the guaranteed week. For, as far ahead as we can look, we are certain to need all the miners we can get; so why not give them a full assurance that they need not fear unemployment?

LAW-MAKING AND ADMINISTRATION

IT is one thing to pass an Act of Parliament, and quite another to get it efficiently administered in accordance with the purposes of its promoters. The Government is showing a most commendable zeal in pressing forward its legislative programme; and we do not agree with those who argue that it is guilty of attempting too much. A Government which aims in most matters merely at preserving the *status quo* can afford to take one major Bill at a time, and to concentrate its attention on getting one thing done before it attempts another. But no Government—not even the most conservative—could do this now, when many things must be attended to at once, if only for the purpose of propping them up before they collapse; and a Labour Government, with a clear mandate to make a significant advance in the direction of Socialism, must move forward on a broad front.

This raises at once the question of administration. It is next door to impossible in these days for a Minister to be a good Minister unless he has a good Civil Service to back him. The multiplicity of matters with which each big Department has to deal is so great, and involves so many kinds of detailed knowledge, that the effective mobilisation of this knowledge so as to place it at the disposal of the Minister—one of the principal functions of the chief permanent official—is an indispensable basis for sensible ministerial action. In one sense, nobody doubts the capacity of the higher ranks of the British Civil Service. Neither ignorance nor incapacity in the co-ordination of relevant information is a fault with which they can be justly charged. The question is rather whether they perform these acts of co-ordination for their Ministers, and through them for the Government as a whole, or for "the Department," regarded as a sacred entity upon which Minister and Cabinet are only excrescences.

As long as the task of a Department is merely that of "carrying on," including of course the making of minor changes and adaptations of the routine, the machine works as well as, probably, any that could be devised for the purpose. Where it does not work nearly so well is in carrying through major changes, arising out of changes of political direction. The Minister who sets out to make such changes is apt to find the Civil Service machine highly resistant—not in the main because the Civil Servant consciously sets himself in political opposition to his Minister, but rather because the proposed change is very apt to threaten to upset both the internal equilibrium of the Department in which it is originated, and—even more—the relations between this Department and others. Leading Civil Servants are apt to confront their Ministers with endless reasons "why not," rather than help them constructively to make the new arrangements work.

Again, some leading Civil Servants may be very good at administering their Departments, in the sense of making the machine work, but very bad at passing on to their Ministers the brunt of control, which they prefer to keep in their own hands. These are especially serious dangers when, as now, political innovations have to be of such a character as not merely to involve a change here and a change there, but a far-reaching change in the very conception of the province and nature of Government action. It is impossible to socialise any major industry without large repercussions on others, some of which will be within the purview of different Departments. It is impossible properly to plan housing without taking full account of other forms of investment, or without planning it in relation to the demand for other kinds of building or to the supply of building materials and labour, or to the whole problem of town and country planning, which is intimately bound up with the control of land use.

Drafting Bills and getting them through Parliament with the aid of a more than comfortable majority are pretty straightforward jobs; and they are also jobs about which politicians naturally think, and at which they become reasonably skilled. Devising the right forms of administrative machinery for making the Bills work when they have become Acts is a much more complicated matter, and also one about which the politician is apt to do too little thinking. No doubt, the idea of Public Boards or Corporations has now found very wide acceptance, whenever it is desired to provide a form of administration for a public service deemed unsuitable for ordinary Departmental control. But apart from this, the politician is apt to take the administrative machine for granted, and to assume that when he gets to power, he has no need seriously to adapt it.

Here two problems arise. In the first place, there are a great many things still to be settled about the way in which Public Boards or Corporations ought to be worked. As long as such bodies were set up only piecemeal, each case could be tackled by itself. But as soon as they become numerous, and are created for the purpose of working in with any sort of general State economic plan, there arises the question of their relations to the Departments to which they are loosely attached and to any "control of planning" machinery the Government may set up—and therewith the further problem of the relation between the salaries of ordinary Civil Servants and those to be paid to the members and to the leading officials of the various Corporations and Boards. The L.P.T.B. could be treated as a business enterprise operating with public capital: the new Mines Board and the other Boards which are now being called into being can hardly be so treated. They, and their servants, have to be related to the Civil Service set-up as a whole; and their activities have to be co-ordinated with the general economic plans.

It is said that the question of salaries is already raising difficulties in connection with the coal nationalisation plan; and it will arise not only here but in every industry in which the Government sets up any sort of managing or controlling agency. Nor are salaries the only, or even the largest issue. If a socialised or controlled industry or service is equipped with a highly qualified set of administrators, what is to be their relation (a) to the Civil Service heads of the Departments most nearly related to them, and (b) to the Ministers who preside over these Departments? Are they to be *under* the Civil Servants, or only under the Ministers? Are they to have direct access to the Ministers, or to the Treasury, or to the Cabinet as a whole, or the Economic Committee? All these questions will have to be faced in the near future.

With them will arrive another—whether the men now at the head of the various Departments, having been brought up in a widely different tradition, are capable of adapting their ways to the requirements of a planned economy, or will need, in some instances, to be honourably replaced; and also whether the Civil Service machine itself is in need of larger adaptations to its new functions than are in contemplation at present. The scientists and technicians have had their pay and status improved; but they are still dissatisfied. Little has been done to break down the sharp division between the Whitehall "desk-and-carpet man" and the public servant "in the field," as inspector or regional officer. The Civil and Local Government services still stand entirely apart, with only the most exiguous possibilities of interchange. Some thought is, no doubt, being given to these matters; but are they being considered on the right scale? They are all issues arising out of, and closely affecting, the transition from a "private profit-making" to a broadly "socialist" society. They must be promptly considered if there is not to be a danger of the Government's excellent legislative record coming to grief in the no less important matter of administrative efficiency.

"CASE BARBAROSSA"

[With what ultimate intentions did Germany seek a pact with the Soviet Union in 1939? When was the idea of avoiding a two-front war abandoned? And did the Germans imagine that they achieved strategic surprise in their invasion of the U.S.S.R.? The following summary of documents released at Nuremberg give a partial answer —from the German side only—to these questions.]

THE story begins on May 23rd, 1939. The attack on Poland was scheduled for the second half of August, and Hitler had called his Service chiefs together for a briefing talk. The Polish situation, said Hitler, was "inseparable from conflict with the West," but "the isolation of Poland is a matter of skilful politics," and he was not sure how Russia felt in the matter. It was essential, therefore, to induce the Soviet Union to co-operate directly or indirectly in the isolation of Poland. Contact must somehow be established with Moscow, with a view not merely to a political *détente* but to closer economic relations.

The desired "contact" had not yet been made when, two weeks before the actual attack on Poland, Hitler had a conference with Ciano at Berchtesgaden. Ciano informed him that Italy was not ready for war and that Mussolini would like to see the invasion of Poland postponed. Instead, the Duce had in mind a proposal for an international conference. To this Hitler replied that "if a conference were held, Russia could no longer be excluded from future meetings of the Powers. In German-Russian conversations the Russians had made it clear, with reference to Munich and other occasions when they were excluded, that in future they would not submit to such treatment." In other words, Hitler had decided that his moment for war had come, and feared that a conference might lead to reconciliation between Russia and the West. In the course of the talk, Hitler was handed a telegram from Moscow. After a short interruption, he told Ciano what it contained. "The Russians agreed to the despatch of German political negotiators to Moscow. The Führer added that, according to his opinion, "Russia would not be ready to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the Western Powers, and she would never interfere on behalf of Poland, whom she hated wholeheartedly." Within a week from the conversation with Ciano the German-Russian accord was signed in Moscow.

Further light on Hitler's motives in seeking an agreement with the U.S.S.R. is furnished by his speech to his Commanders-in-Chief, after the conclusion of the Polish campaign, on November 23rd, 1939.

> For the first time in history we have to fight on only one front. The other front is at present free. But no one can know how long that will remain so. At present Russia is not dangerous. Moreover, we have a pact with Russia. Pacts, however, are only kept as long as they serve their purpose. Russia will hold herself to it only as long as she considers it to be to her benefit. Let us, therefore, think of the pact as securing our back. Now Russia has far-reaching goals, above all the strengthening of her position in the Baltic. We can oppose Russia only when we are free in the West. It is a fact that at the present time the Russian army is of little worth. For the next year or two, the present situation will remain.

Hitler thus counted on the Non-Aggression Pact holding good for one or two years. In the event it held for 21 months. During this period the economic agreement dominated the field of German-Soviet relations.

Germany's concern was to see what she could get out of Russia. On September 23rd, 1939, the Supreme Commander of the Navy had discussed with Hitler the question of Russia ceding submarines to Germany and providing facilities for the outfitting of auxiliary cruisers at Murmansk. In mid-October Russia offered "Base North," near Murmansk, but Raeder insisted on obtaining, in addition, Norwegian bases, chiefly Trondheim, with the aid of Russian pressure. Hitler promised examination, but he "refuses the earlier request to build or buy submarines in Russia for political reasons." However, at the request of the German attaché, espionage and intelligence work against Russia through neutral States was stopped immediately, "to prevent Russian mistrust." Admiral Raeder's Chief of Staff had advised that "Russian economic help is of decisive importance to us." At the same time reference is made to Russian pressure for delivery of war materials. Indeed, as the autumn draws into winter, Russian demands became uncomfortably heavy. On November 4th, 1939, a Russian economic delegation requests the delivery of the hulls of the warships *Seydlitz* and *Lützow*, and, although Raeder is anxious to be co-operative, he rejects the delivery of *Seydlitz* and a "decrease of our our own building programme in favour of assistance to Russia." *Lützow*, however, is to be handed over.

Next, the Russo-Finnish war breaks out. Molotov hastens to assure the Germans that "the primary goals of Russia lie in South-Eastern Europe and on the Black Sea. Russia will attempt a rapid solution of the Finnish problem to free her forces for other missions." In the same breath Moscow makes further "high armament demands in return for economic aid." The German Navy is now asked to hand over not only *Lützow* and *Seydlitz* but also *Prince Eugen*, besides the plans for *Bismarck* and *Tirpitz*, and for gun turrets of even bigger battleships in the yards. It almost looks as if Russia were trying to take a friendly hand in relieving potential pressure on the British Navy, but she is certainly working hard toward establishing some sort of naval balance between herself and Germany. Hitler, however, stiffens and refuses to play. "According to the Führer's decision, our own naval armament may not be retarded under any circumstances." The sale of *Seydlitz* and *Prince Eugen* is vetoed, as well as the heavy gun turrets. Raeder adds the worried sentence that there is now "a moral burden for Germany as a result of the Russo-Finnish conflict."

It is at this stage that Germany makes what was perhaps her fundamental mistake. Hitler's Service chiefs are seen to be drawing (along with much of the rest of the world) entirely erroneous conclusions about the weakness of Russian fighting power, as revealed in Finland. "The Russian 'mass' is no match for an army with modern equipment and superior leadership," so runs a General Staff appreciation dated December 31st, 1939. German-Russian economic negotiations continue satisfactorily; but while the Russians are pressing for further naval deliveries, Hitler hedges, and the trade negotiations get into difficulties "because the Russian Government demands reciprocal assistance, that is to say, no performance without simultaneous corresponding German performance." Hitler orders that delivery of *Lützow* and of the construction plans for *Bismarck* should be delayed as long as possible. "He hopes, with a favourable course of the war, to get out of it altogether."

On April 5th, 1940, the German attaché in Moscow reports an "attitude of refusal" on the part of Molotov in the question of the "use of a Far-Eastern base," and "temporary limitations on the use of Base North" have to be accepted. Both disappointments the attaché traces back to "the present Russian nervousness because of the future attitude of England and France towards Russia." Meantime Norway is invaded, and "Russia declares herself disinterested in the action"; she even "shows understanding for the German measures." The German Ambassador in Moscow reports a very "positive" attitude of the Soviet press towards the German military successes, and states that he can find no signs of uneasiness because of German victories.

But there is uneasiness in Berlin. Hitler believes he has discovered "Russian intentions for the incorporation of the Baltic States," and is uncomfortable over the Russian entry into Bessarabia. On June 4th, 1940, he describes to Raeder his next objectives: after the defeat of France, reduction of the army, discharge of the older age classes, especially skilled workers; emphasis on air corps and navy. Raeder adds: "No talk about Russia as yet." The planned strengthening of navy and air force seems to indicate that Hitler's immediate preoccupation is "Operation Sea-Lion," the invasion of Britain.

On June 5th, 1940, Raeder's Chief of Staff evaluates the situation thus:

> Russia keenly appreciates Germany's military successes, but she fears, after a decisive victory by Germany, a German attack against herself. Official policy of Russia is still absolutely correct. However, the possibility of an attempt slowly to sabotage the economic co-operation is not out of the question. Owing to her apprehensions regarding the further development of her relations with Germany, Russia considers that further expansion of her bases in the Baltic is indicated. The pressure on Lithuania and Estonia points to an attempt to obtain full domination over this area.

This clear analysis betrays no illusions on the part of the writer as to the real causes and motives of the beginning Russo-German tension. Soviet moves are recognised for what they are—protective measures—while the writer discerns no indication of Russian inclinations or preparations to attack. Coinciding with this the German naval attaché in Moscow reports on June 10th, 1940, a "noticeable cooling off and technical difficulties on the part of the Russians."

Berlin begins to worry seriously lest Moscow should "cool off" faster than desired and before Hitler is ready to tackle the Red Army. The Battle of Britain has begun, and Hitler's eyes are on "Sea-Lion." On July 21st, 1940, Raeder has another interview with Hitler, who declares: "Even though Russia views Germany's great successes with tears in her eyes, she herself has no intention of entering the war against Germany. . . .The German fuel situation is the most difficult, but as long as Rumania and Russia deliver, and hydro-electric works can be safeguarded against air attacks, it is not critical."

By the end of August, 1940, it had become clear that the Battle of Britain was ending in a German defeat, and that "Operation Sea-Lion" was not immediately feasible. The first transfers of German troops from the West to the Eastern border are carried out, ten infantry and two armoured divisions being sent to the Government-General (Poland), "in case rapid action should become necessary in the interest of a protection of the Rumanian oil-fields." The documents, unfortunately, do not make it possible to establish, beyond all doubt, what here was cause and what effect. Was it anxiety about Rumanian oil (undoubtedly genuine) which crippled the preparations for "Sea-Lion," or was it the impossibility of launching "Sea-Lion" with a beaten air force as protection, which caused Hitler to begin thinking, for the first time, that he could move against Russia before conquering Britain? General Jodl, in his Munich speech, apparently favours the second interpretation. He says that "the Führer himself has always kept this danger (of an approaching Bolshevist East) steadily in view, and even as far back as during the Western Campaign informed me of his fundamental decision to take steps against this danger the moment our military position made it at all possible." It can therefore truthfully be said that Germany's preparations for an attack on the Soviet Union began in August, 1940, that is, they took nearly a year. From that moment, when troops were tied down (though not committed) in both East and West, Germany actually faced the position of a two-front war.

(To be continued.)

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

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A LONDON DIARY

A JUNIOR officer who innocently remarked to a colleague as they went out into the black-out in the autumn of '42 "Have you got a torch?" was grabbed and grilled by the Security Officer, who thought he had been discussing the invasion of North Africa, for which "Torch" was the "most secret" code name. ("Top Secret" came later as a concession to the Americans.) "Torch" was one of hundreds of code names. Churchill used to think them up as an after-dinner relaxation. Many of them are now revealed by General Marshall's *Biennial Report to the U.S. Secretary of War*, published by H.M. Stationery Office. The original plan for the invasion of Western Europe, in the summer of 1943, for instance, was "Round-up," with an emergency plan "Sledgehammer" backing it in case the East Front deteriorated too far. Eventually these became "Overlord," the invasion of Normandy and the follow-through. The Sicilian operation was "Husky." The landing in Italy was "Avalanche." "Anvil" was the Patch campaign against the South of France in support of "Overlord." The Big Three Conferences all had code names. "Trident" was the Washington Conference of 1943. "Quadrant" was Quebec. "Sextant" was the Cairo Conference which preceded the meeting with Stalin at Teheran, at which "Capital," the Mountbatten-Stilwell operation on Burma, was approved. The occupation of Germany was "Eclipse."

* * *

Unlike some other protagonists for women's rights, Eleanor Rathbone kept a sense of proportion and had unlimited energy for innumerable social causes after that victory had been won. With the exception of Beatrice Webb, she was the most distinguished woman in the public life of our time. Family allowances, inseparably linked with her name, were for years almost a one-woman show. She was a natural cross-bencher and so naturally a University M.P. Over India she was rather Conservative; her last controversy in this journal was caused by a letter making allegations about British misgovernment, which proved, on enquiry, to be very much less exaggerated than she imagined. I believe that she was deeply influenced by *Mother India*. In the last year of her life she allowed the Polish question to warp her judgment But there are few people who have a record of being so continuously on the right side. She fought magnificently on Spain and against Chamberlainism; she was right about refugees and right about dividing anti-Nazis from other Germans. She signed a letter which appeared in this journal last week, after her death; she cared passionately about our responsibility for feeding hungry Europe. She was in many ways a Victorian figure; she had the moral integrity and authority that comes from long and disinterested public service, and if she could at times sound like a school-marm, so could Florence Nightingale, Miss Buss and Beatrice Webb. I recall the occasion on which, angered by Aneurin Bevan's irreverent (but mainly justified) attack on Mr. Churchill, she rose and dressed him down like a school-boy. We shall all miss Miss Rathbone. She was one of the staunch people, tenacious and unshakeable.

* * *

A friend living in Paris whose job gives him a particularly good opportunity of following events writes to say that things are in some ways not nearly so bad as they seem. Reconstruction is really under way. Coal production, he tells me, is actually at 96 per cent. of its 1938 level, while the railways are clean and run to time. Outside the big towns there is plenty of food. Politically, however, everything is a ghastly mess. In the Assembly all the thoughts of the three parties are concentrated on the general election next May. The Constitution drafted by a Parliamentary Committee sitting for the last month is a hopeless affair that will be fundamentally changed when it comes up for discussion in the Assembly. The real conflict remains between those who will, at a pinch, follow de Gaulle and those who will, at the same pinch, prefer the Communist Party. The Socialists "wriggle furiously on the horns of this horrible dilemma," and there can be no settled Government in France until they have decided—or split. "The odd thing," he adds, "is that de Gaulle and the C.P. are temperamentally rather close together; both are Puritanical, enthusiastic, hopelessly ideological. Both are 100 per centers. Both are prepared to do or die. The atmosphere, as you can see, is liable to become more and more charged with memories of the barricades."

* * *

Before the war the Physical Society Exhibition was more or less a polite conversazione to which members and exhibitors invited their friends to see the latest laboratory gadgets. This year, for six hours a day for the whole three days, the queue gave the impression of a Wembley Cup Final. It stretched four deep from the doors of the Imperial College along the length of Imperial Institute Road, and down into Exhibition Road—for over half a mile. Brass-hats of the three Services would drive up, flourish their tickets and be sent to the end of the queue. Famous scientists lined up patiently with schoolboys. Inside it was like a lying-in-state; you had to file past the exhibits—radar, bomb-sights, high-frequency furnaces, the electron-microscope, the latest air-navigator and a hundred and one other products of scientific ingenuity. The inquisitive were frustrated by the pressure behind. As for the lectures, thousands were turned away, although the lecturers gave twice-nightly performances. Seventy thousand tickets had been demanded in advance, but even that was not the measure of the queue, because so many people went back hopefully trying to see what they had missed before. "This is what happens when you start calling football teams 'Dynamos,'" said one scientist in the queue. "You get the public all confused."

* * *

At various "shows" I visited last week I found the crowds as interesting as the objects they prevented me from seeing. *Brief Encounter*, surely one of the best as well as the best acted films ever made, seemed to surprise my neighbours. They expected Noel Coward, I fancy, to be gay, witty and cheaply cynical, not intense, serious, and morally direct. In truth, Noel Coward has the actor's talent as well as the dramatist's; he observes with so minute and perfect a detachment that he can produce the illusion of sincere and unsophisticated passion just as successfully as the atmosphere of a Mayfair night-club. Anyway, the woman next to me, shocked by the moral (a truthful) ending, said in amused indignation to her escort: "Fancy *me* coming to a film like that!" My next entertainment was the Exhibition of Paul Klee. The glimpses I got of his pictures did not give me pleasure. Did the crowd like them? I could not tell. They were serious and puzzled. On a bench under a window, a soldier lay fast asleep, unconscious of the sightseers who jostled about him. "Good Still Life that," said a wag. "Not abstract, anyway." I left, with relief, for the joyous revelations of the National Gallery itself. We have been so long starved of pictures, and so many here look lovelier than we had ventured to remember with their faces washed and in their new places. The crowd here could have no curiosity motive; they were there because they enjoyed good pictures. And the packed rows of people at the next entertainment? It was a farce that has been running for years, and which I expected, having a vulgar mind, to enjoy. I was disappointed. I suppose I would have found it funny when I was sixteen. The laughter was genuine enough, of course, and as genuine was the enjoyment of pretty limbs in pretty undies. But it was not full-throated or hearty laughter, and my impression was that my neighbours (I was standing in the gallery) thought it rather childish. Experience (and I think partly the B.B.C.) has changed public taste. E.N.S.A. was not good enough for the troops in Africa; it is certainly below standard when you are home, wanting to use your mind again.

* * *

Several people have remarked to me in the last few days that this is the best House of Commons that England has ever had. When Mr. Attlee wishes to make changes in his Cabinet, which is mainly good with very weak spots, he will have an embarrassingly rich field of talent, enterprise and experience from which to pick. Even more people would realise how good the House of Commons is if they read *Hansard*. Someone I met the other day remarked that he started reading it for duty, expecting the usual proportion of long-winded empty columns with a few golden nuggets here and there, and he found himself absorbed and surprised by the amount of interesting information and pertinent comment. This makes me specially glad of the Government's decision that there is to be a cheap weekly edition of *Hansard* for wide circulation. King-Hall and his "Friends of Hansard" are to be congratulated.

* * *

The Conservatives must indeed be hard put to it when a Tory newspaper announces the resignation of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade as an inevitable "rift among Socialist Ministers." I gather that Mr. Ellis Smith, who is an excellent M.P., but not particularly suited to this job, resigned for purely personal reasons. He did not get along well with Sir Stafford Cripps. The sort of resignation that happens every day and in every sort of office. If I were betting on his successor, I'd plump for Hugh Gaitskell, who worked at the Board of Trade during the war and combines the theoretical knowledge of the Don with the practical expertise of the senior civil servant.

* * *

Overheard in a Sussex pub.

First mild-and-bitter: "I 'ates the taste of this beer."

Second ditto: "Yus. I'll be glad when I've had enough of it."

CRITIC.

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to K. H. Brend

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

A group of business men, first-class season ticket holders, sang the Red Flag on the platform when the 5.18 p.m. from Liverpool Street to Shelford was cancelled on the third night in succession.—*Sunday Express.*

Group Captain Max Aitken, M.P., said: "I am very glad to see you are all readers of the *Daily Express* and I hope that you will continue to read that unbiased newspaper."—*Daily Express.*

Consider, for instance, what the war speeches of Mr. Churchill would sound like if, by some trick of fortune, they came to be read as the First Lesson in the churches of the distant future. Even their finest passages would echo round the nave with the same impressive unintelligibility as we associate with the oracles of Amos in our churches of to-day. —*Radio Times.*

Valuable Relic of Himmler, authenticated and quite unique.—Advt. in *Daily Telegraph.*

The delegates [at an Inter-Church Conference called by the British Council of Churches] all agreed that the atom bomb was the voice of God. —*Evening Standard*

SIXTY MILLION JOBS?

[By Our American Correspondent]

There are few "ifs" in history more worthy of speculation than what sort of United States—and United Nations—there would be to-day if Mr. Wallace, the author of the best-seller *Sixty Million Jobs* had been Vice-President on April 12th, 1945. But he was not, and for all its wide sale and favourable reviews *Sixty Million Jobs* is a sad document—partly the testament of the dead President who fathered the phrase, partly the proclamation of a Government in exile.

This over-sized pamphlet is far from being a revolutionary broadsheet. The very fact that so dull a book has created so much excitement is in itself significant. To the ordinary English reader it is all the regular old dogma of full employment; a "jobs budget"; controlled investment; public works and so on. But to large sections of American opinion, which find it hard to reconcile their eighteenth-century economic practice with their sixteenth-century economic theory, the whole book smells of heresy. And the smell of heresy always attracts attention.

All economic theories begin by calling up a bogy which can only be exorcized by carrying out the author's spells to the letter. For the Malthusians, the bogy was starvation; for Marx, exploitation leading to war; for Americans to-day it is always the Depression. The 1929–35 slump has had a far more powerful impact on the mind of the people than two wars in a generation. Nor is this surprising, since the suffering of an economic recession is far more widespread, even if less intense, than that of a war across the ocean.

Mr. Wallace begins by pointing out how much the menace of depression and unemployment has been increased by the technological progress of the war. To-day American machines could produce the same national total of goods as in 1939 and leave one-third of the nation totally unemployed.

The exorcism is explained in a chapter called "New Frontiers in Abundance." The first frontier to cross is at home, where much remains to be done to spread the abundance more widely. In 1940 twelve million families in the United States had an annual income of less than £200, and a further ten million less than £400. In the draft for the armed services more than 40 per cent. of the nation's youth were rejected on grounds of health, mostly suffering from malnutrition. It is worth remembering that it was this submerged third which has never been seen by those Europeans for whom the sight of the Yanks conjured up dreams of American abundance.

To raise their standards Mr. Wallace advocates expenditure of at least $10 billion a year on housing, and almost as much on public health. In the great American "colony"—the South—where bad conditions are most widespread, the solution must be even more radical. A vast project is put forward along the lines of the Tennessee Valley Authority. This would remedy the damage done by decades of single-crop farming (cotton or tobacco) and restore the fertility of the soil, the profits of the farmer and the dignity of the negro farm worker.

Such a programme is fairly bold and imaginative; it is in large part the 1944 campaign promises of President Roosevelt. If Mr. Wallace were President, he might, by battle with Congress and through the support of the people, succeed in legislating one-third or even one-half of this scheme. But he is only Secretary of Commerce, in a Cabinet where he and Mr. Ickes are rapidly becoming ancient monuments of the forgotten New Deal.

It is true that the present Administration has put forward an admirable Bill to ensure full employment; it was last heard of in some forgotten pigeonhole of a somnolent Congressional Committee. There are at least two projects for National Health Services—one of which was presented six months ago and was so far forgotten that no one thought it odd when President Truman put forward another. There are several Bills to set up schemes like the T.V.A. . . . There are plenty of Bills, but no will; plenty of planners, but no executive.

Abroad, according to Mr. Wallace, the new frontiers of abundance are mainly to be found in Asia. Indeed it is surprising to find him significantly calling the post-war period "The Era of the Pacific"; the bastard of his own *Century of the Common Man* by Henry Luce's *American Century*. This American *Drang nach Osten* arises from disgust with the ancient quarrels of Europe—where Americans anyway are out-smarted by an older and more decadent people—and from determination to build a brave new world in Asia, where this highly unhistorical people can look on themselves as the first bearers of culture and washing machines.

The Secretary of Commerce warns the public of the dangers of economic imperialism and of the necessity for regarding "imports as just as important to us as exports," but such trivial remarks have been ignored by more realistic businessmen. For them China is to be an American economic dependency—a fact which she signalised recently by changing her rule of the road after two centuries from left to right. The unlimited possibilities of this untapped market (only one radio to 500,000 customers) make the investment of $5 billion in European recovery seem a very unworthwhile diversion of effort.

Yet the rub of the American economic problem continues to be its traditional difficulty of having, like the Sorcerer's Apprentice, tapped a stream of wealth which apparently can be neither canalised nor consumed, and threatens to drown its inventor. Only two solutions have been put forward. One is to allow the benefits of American production to flow over the whole world, which course demands, as Mr. Wallace emphasises, that America shall make loans repayable in imports. But to the American public in its present mood loans to the foreigner seem bad enough without allowing "cheap foreign labour" to compete with and lower the American standard of life.

The other solution that Mr. Wallace advocates is for the Government to ensure purchasing power sufficient to absorb the national product, primarily by raising wages, and in emergency by public spending and investment control. But this, to Congress, would seem surrender to Labour, interference with free enterprise and the beginning of that Totalitarianism to which you in England succumbed last July.

If Mr. Wallace's book proves anything, it is that full employment demands a delicate balance in American economy that will not be provided by good luck or the simple virtues of thrift and hard work. If the present discussion of wage-price control and the financial negotiations prove anything it is that neither the public nor Congress is convinced of this. And Mr. Wallace is not President to convince them.

U.N.O. ON THE AIR

The case for arming the international security organisation with a broadcasting service is strong, and the atomic bomb has strengthened it. A system requiring great sacrifices of national sovereignty cannot work unless the majority of men and women of all classes understand that it is essential and are ready to help make it work. Broadcasting can reach them in their homes and, especially over fairly long periods, can influence them profoundly. They are sure to absorb broadcasts from some source, and it is essential they should not be at the mercy of the services broadcast from their own country. For countries to go on broadcasting to each other's people is an important safeguard of world peace. To give to all the peoples the chance of hearing broadcasts run responsibly by the United Nations Security Organisation could be a vital additional safeguard; for these broadcasts, besides being a reminder that the organisation exists and that its problems are paramount, could give their listeners the wide-ranging information, the cosmopolitan culture and the provocation to thought which citizens of the world require.

But the problem of how to provide this service has not been faced. A broadcasting service without a large and discriminating audience is no use. It can only win plenty of serious listeners if it is easy to hear in all countries and if its programmes are at least as good as those already heard. To give good reception all over the world, it would need a very expensive network of powerful transmitters, using a number of wavelengths (including long and medium) which there is little hope of releasing. To make its programmes good enough, it could draw on talent and matter from all over the world, but would have to fight opposition inspired by its being a competitor of each country's national or commercial services. As regards news and comment, the member nations might insist on a censorship which would make its broadcasts so anodyne that nobody would dream of listening to them.

There is need of a new approach by-passing, where it can, these practically fatal difficulties. What is wanted, I think, is something on these lines:—

(*a*) An agreement to set up a United Nations' Broadcasting Organisation for providing, mainly for relay, programmes of the highest standard which pooled talent can produce and ample money can buy.

(*b*) That each nation should agree to impose, as a condition of any charter granted by it to a national or commercial broadcasting organisation, an obligation to relay a certain proportion of each category of the international station's programmes—these relays to be carried on at least one of the main home wavelengths, on the frequency modulation network and on the telediffusion system.

Each national or commercial station should be free to make its own selection within each main category of the international station's programmes; free also, of course, to take more than the obligatory minimum. The international station would be able to take programmes from the national stations—indeed, from any source, although probably the proportion of these "non-originated programmes" should be limited.

Its output should include the best performances possible both of the musical classics and of important new compositions, concerts of light music good enough to bear attentive listening, reportages from everywhere, experimental programmes, and talks and discussions contributed by the keenest and most expert brains of all nations on the news of the day, on the widest political problems (especially, of course, those of organising peace), on philosophy and religion, on the arts, on the sciences, on history, on economics, on practical problems like housing and reafforestation, and on travel. A service of news bulletins and press reviews, fed by an unsurpassed news-gathering and monitoring set-up with first-class communications, would also have to be considered.

Since no national or commercial station would be bound to take more than a certain proportion of these spoken broadcasts, each nation should be willing to agree to their being exempt from all censorship, except perhaps a military one. Great efforts should be made to convince each government of the need for this. It may even be worthwhile, if one or two nations insist on a political censorship, for the other nations to go ahead without them, clubbing together to start an uncensored international service.

A system of broad but effective control would not be very hard to devise. The freedom of choice exercised by the national or commercial stations, a certain rotation of staff, the placing of archives, studios and transmitters in more than one country, criticism in the press and Parliament of each free country—these safeguards, among others, would combine to prevent abuses of the international station. Keeping the international station free to experiment, to give news and comment promptly and frankly, and to provoke discussion, would need much more thought and care

than the negative side of control. If the broadcasts are lifeless, the station will be worse than useless.

A system of listener research is essential in order to allow account to be taken not only of diplomatic, parliamentary and press reactions to the broadcasts, but of how many listeners the broadcasts have attracted, and of what the man-in-the-street has thought of them. A Board of Governors, composed of culturally eminent men and women from several nations, might also be a useful means of seeing that the standard of the broadcasts fits their purpose.

Although the international station must clearly serve all reasonably large countries with spoken broadcasts in their own languages, the problem of its frequencies and transmitters is perfectly manageable, since these are meant primarily for feeding relays, and are not expected to give the ordinary listener all over the world perfect reception direct. (At the same time, provided the nations concerned do not insist on censorship as the price, the international station might, in addition, aim at providing good reception for the ordinary listener in as many of the main capitals as it can. Radio Luxembourg might help to serve this purpose in Western Europe.) The Charter of the international broadcasting organisation must provide procedure for adapting it to meet major technical developments—for instance, frequency modulation and television.

The financial contributions must suffice to pay for a service both technically up to date and lavish enough in fees to attract the best artists and other contributors from all over the world, besides paying a staff of outstanding quality to seek out good material and talent and to present this freshly.

The money for the international broadcasting organisation should, if possible, come out of the general fund of the United Nations' Organisation; for there is reason to fear that, if it had to be voted separately, it would never be voted. But a suggestion—which may well apply to other things besides broadcasting—should be considered. This is that each government should pay its contribution to the international broadcasting organisation in its own country's currency. The international station would then have a fund composed of various amounts of many currencies; and, although it should be free by its Charter to spend its money where it judges best, the chances are that the countries contributing most would be the ones in which it would spend the most on equipment or on artists. This would lessen the incentive for countries to default on their payments. It might also perhaps make certain countries reluctant to exclude themselves from the international broadcasting partnership.

JONATHAN GRIFFIN

THE CRIME WAVE

"No one would have thought of stealing second-hand shirts in 1938," said the Home Secretary in a recent interview about the "crime wave." As a historical comparison, it was apt; large numbers of people think of stealing them to-day. "To-day," he added, "the sight of a shirt on a clothes-line has become a temptation. Everything is worth stealing, and everything is much easier to steal. Any amateur can get into a bombed house which has still got its windows boarded up with cardboard."

He gave some recent London figures—percentage increases over 1938—and they were startling. Shopbreaking up 92 per cent., larcenies from dwelling-houses 155 per cent., car thefts 25 per cent. (but there have been few cars to steal), robberies and assaults 106 per cent., petty larcenies 61 per cent. It is significant that they are all challenges to the rights of property. Violence for its own sake, armed ruffianism, sexual crimes and homicide do not seem to have increased to an alarming extent. (Murders have actually decreased.) And the offenders were not juveniles; convictions of people under 21 have increased by only 10 per cent.

So most of the new crooks are adults, and they're after your property. Who are they? "Ex-soldiers and deserters" is the usual answer—"they've been trained in lawlessness, ordered to behave like thugs, and decorated for doing it. If you take a man away from his home and teach him that killing's no murder, he'll learn by analogy that scrounging's no larceny. What do you expect?" This is partially true, though even the true part contains an overstatement. It is said that there are 2,000 deserters from the U.S.A., Canadian and British Forces in London alone, and that because they have to live somehow without civilian identity cards or ration books they have no choice but to take to crime. But even if the figure is right, this is another overstatement. You *can* live without a ration book—one or more hot meals a day at a cheap restaurant or coffee-stall, plenty of bread, and what your friends or family are willing to spare. You *can* cover your nakedness without having a clothing-book—many people seem to buy clothes without coupons of their own and (in most cases) without even a feeling of guilt; some even publicly return all their coupons to the Board of Trade. And only a small fraction of the public have ever yet been asked to produce their identity cards. The lack of these documents doesn't make the criminal. If, with no civilian identity card, you frequent crowded places where the police find it worth while (or do they?) to stage their large-scale civilian kit inspections, you will possibly be arrested—not because you can't produce your card, for which no one can arrest you, but because you will be "reasonably" suspected of being a deserter or absentee. But keep away from Piccadilly Circus and Stamford Bridge (and, of course, from your known address) and you have much the same chance as anyone else.

No doubt some of the offenders are deserters or absentees from the Forces. But many of them are not ex-Servicemen. Four men charged together recently with warehouse-breaking, for instance, had all been in factories throughout the war, and this is by no means unusual. Bomb-damage repair squads are contributing their quota to the larcenies from dwelling-houses. And who are the receivers, the people who make it worth while to steal at all? We may as well face it: in our reluctance to ask questions about the source of some of our supplies, we have become a nation of fences. We don't think that cheating the commodity-controls is *mala in se*; it is only *mala quia prohibita*.

"With what pleasure we read newspaper reports of crime," wrote Dr. Jung. "A criminal becomes a popular figure because he unburdens in no small degree the consciences of his fellow men, for now they know once more where evil is to be found." But anyone reading some of the national newspapers in some quiet country retreat might well imagine he could hear faintly, from the Metropolis, the barking of pistols ("liberated" German Lugers, with scrounged Sten ammunition), the crash of plate-glass and the roar of supercharged bandit-cars. These are the cases that are "hitting the headlines," as they always have done when crime has been fashionable on the breakfast menu; but they are not the real stuff of the story. Firearms are not being used very much—"practically nil," says the Assistant Commissioner in charge of the C.I.D.; "even the most hardened criminal hardly ever uses a revolver either against the police or the public." There are a good many firearms about in the possession of unauthorised people, and it would probably be a sound step to proclaim an amnesty during which firearms and ammunition could be surrendered to the police without fear of proceedings for having possessed them. But it has often seemed that the British citizen displays a special resistance to the threat of the gunman; it may be that centuries of security and a legal system based on the rights of the individual have given him a hereditary feeling that "you can't do that there 'ere." He will not stand it. He will not even arm his policemen. It is said that after the last war, when the 1920 Firearms Act had not yet introduced registration and the issue of firearm certificates, when great numbers of Service-pattern and other weapons were at large, and when the country was experiencing a "crime-wave" considerably worse than anything going on at the present time, the courage of one citizen who stood up to a gunman had a profound effect on the tactics of the criminal world. True, he was killed; but he had put the criminal to the unexpected necessity of shooting him, and this is an ugly business. Many guns were put away.

The crime wave resolves itself, primarily, into a considerable increase of small larcenies. There are two cases of shopbreaking for every one in 1938, but unless they involve a safe, a high-powered car, a kidnapped key-holder, or a trussed-up watchman, they get little publicity; and although the vast majority of them lack these picturesque features and involve the loss of a few pounds, each one contributes to a statistical picture distorted by a selective emphasis on the spectacular. There's an even bigger increase in "larceny from dwelling-houses"; but this offence, which falls short of burglary and housebreaking because there is no "breaking and entering," is a special classification based on a value of at least £5 in the property stolen; the £5 limit was enacted thirty years ago, and as commodity values have increased, so have the convictions thus classified.

There is probably the usual proportion of bogus reports for insurance purposes. Staged robberies always increase when a crime "wave" is announced. It would be idle to minimise a crime situation such as the now published figures represent, but insurance managers believe that it is because of the press "campaign," not because of the increase itself (which would otherwise pass generally unnoticed) that they have lately experienced a much-extended demand for insurance against theft and burglary risks. Risks that the companies have found specially hazardous are stocks of jewellery, furs, clothing, linen, boots and shoes, foodstuffs, tobacco, carpets, curtaining and furniture; but there has, nevertheless, been no general increase in premium rates. One good effect of the blaze of publicity must be to make the honest public more careful. "Private householders," said *The Times* on December 22nd, "are now alive to the increased risks, if only because, although they may calculate on being compensated financially under their policies, these payments would not immediately replace goods still in short supply. Householders are frequently advised to place as many hindrances in the way of thieves as they can, and this accords, broadly, with the advice offered to the owners of commercial properties. The locking of inside doors is recommended if houses or flats are left empty, since this should impede the work of thieves in search of especially valuable articles." It not only impedes them—it necessitates their making a noise. Noise is the bugbear of the sneak-thief. If you come home from the theatre and find in your house a thief whom you think you can't handle, raise an uproar. Slam the street door on him (turning the mortise-lock if you've had the good sense to get one fitted) and shout, unashamedly and without restraint. You may curdle the neighbours' blood, but they will forgive you: some of them will help, and someone among you will probably remember to dial 999.

It is significant and reassuring that, in a country so lately emerged from a welter of organised bloodshed and instructed violence, comment on the crime problem should concern itself almost entirely with prevention and detection, as distinct from punishment. There is little or no outcry for any "Waltham Black Acts" or Garrotting Acts. The flagellants may be stirring, but even they have not yet called loudly for the "cat." The emphasis is all on making larceny difficult and irksome and detection more and more certain. These are the ways in which the householder, the merchant and the car-owner can do much to help themselves; restored police strength and a general increase of commodity supplies should do the rest.

C. H. ROLPH

NOTES ON SHOWS

At 1 Hampstead Hill Gardens, the Hampstead Artists' Council have arranged an exhibition of over 300 works by artists who have inhabited or depicted this district. Gainsborough, Constable, Samuel Palmer, Ford Madox Brown are specially well represented; and, among contemporaries, there is the whole gamut, from Ben Nicholson to Campbell Taylor. The most interesting, because now the most unfamiliar, exhibits are the relics of the Victorian Age—works by Elizabeth Siddal, Oliver and Lucy Madox Brown, Kate Greenaway, George Du Maurier, Phil May, to say nothing of Seymour Lucas, Bretòn Rivière and John Collier. Everyone interested in painting should make a pilgrimage to this fascinating assembly in which works that are perpetually young are shouldered by frowsy relics, at once comic and pathetic, like the faded picture-hats you sometimes see drooping over the heads of old beggar-women.

Two of the Hampstead artists, Fred Uhlman and T. Potworowski, are exhibiting at the Redfern. Mr. Uhlman has a group of small Still Lifes, thoughtfully composed, delicately painted, fanciful and altogether covetable. Mr. Potworowski paints in what one comes to recognise as the specifically Polish style (which I can best describe as Bonnard-and-Seltzer). He strikes me as decidedly the most gifted follower of this tradition, and his less slapdash pictures are charming. The catalogue attributes certain of the pictures to the inspiration of Raphael and Hogarth; and I think a similar acknowledgment should be given for the *Interior In Red*, which is very close to a famous Matisse. I recommend anyone who feels inclined to buy a picture to back his fancy either for Uhlman or Potworowski.

Occasional pictures I have seen by Mark Fisher made me anxious to see a whole collection. Now that Wildenstein's have given me the chance to do so, I have to confess disappointment. Fisher, like Steer, derives from Constable and the Impressionists, and handles paint with boldness and great skill; but he is hazardous in composition, prosaic, and often garish; at the same time he contrives to make the South of France look like the Peak District. His landscapes repeat themselves in a mere routine. The portraits, and above all, the two Still Lifes—one of them evidently influenced by Renoir—are remarkably well painted. I think that Fisher had great gifts, but he was born in 1841, about as unlucky a time as an English painter could possibly hit upon. The result is that his name must be added to the long casualty list of English artists who have fallen short of their possibilities.

Fisher is represented again, together with Wilson Steer and Sir George Clausen, in a watercolour Exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery. Competence without imagination is the general impression left by the exhibition. While the Clausens and Fishers are worthy and unpretentious, the Wilson Steers are at once more engaging and more questionable.

Tibetan art is so unfamiliar to us that the Exhibition at the Berkeley Gallery must be specially welcome. A few very fine objects are almost certainly the work of Chinese or Siamese, but the mass of the exhibits are clumsy, the work of a people living in a brutally hostile climate, and concerned with art only as a hand-maid to religion. Most of the sculpture lacks both refinement and vitality, but the best of the pictures, especially one executed in fine embroidery, have a beauty that makes one wonder whether there may not be many good things still to be discovered in Tibet.

ROGER MARVELL

FORTHCOMING MUSIC

The new series of seven Monday evening concerts, given by Boyd Neel at the Chelsea Town Hall, marks together with the Philharmonic cycle at the Kingsway Hall, an interesting attempt to break fresh ground in the location of London music. Grateful as we are for the continued availability of the Wigmore Hall, it cannot be called ideal for a chamber orchestra, being on the small side both acoustically and in seating capacity. The Chelsea programmes are attractive: a Bach *Brandenburg Concerto* and a Handel *Concerto Grosso* apiece, some Mozart and Tchaikovsky, and among the moderns Vaughan Williams (*Tallis Fantasia*), Honegger (*Symphony for Strings*), Ireland (*Concertino Pastorale*), Bartók (*Divertimento*) and Britten (*Illuminations* and *Serenade*). The opening concert included Gerald Finzi's beautiful Traherne cantata *Dies Natalis*.

Next Friday the second of Edward Clark's two orchestral concerts at the Wigmore contains several interesting revivals from the new music of the inter-war period: the Adagio from Berg's *Kammerkonzert*, Lambert's *Piano Concerto*, Satie's *Socrate* and Milhaud's *Création du Monde*. Satie and Milhaud are also represented in a further series of French concerts at the Wigmore, which is chiefly notable for the re-appearance of the young composer and pianist Jean Françaix. Also at the Wigmore, every other Tuesday, there are performances of the complete cycle of Mozart Chamber Music, beginning January 15th. Albert Hall programmes are, of course, rather more conventional; an attractive exception is the B.B.C.'s concert on March 6th, when Adolf Busch returns to play the Brahms *Violin Concerto*, and one of Bartók's last works, his *Concerto for Orchestra*, receives its first London performance.

The Sadler's Wells opera season is apparently intended to last some time, but no novelties or new productions have so far been announced; *Peter Grimes* returns for ten or twelve performances in February and March. About the same time, Covent Garden at last reopens, with the Sadler's Wells Ballet; in the first period of activity in their new home, they offer us a new ballet with music by Arthur Bliss, choreography by Robert Helpmann and décor by Roger Furse; and another by Frederick Ashton to the music of Franck's *Variations Symphoniques*, with décor by Sophie Feodorovitch; besides the Oliver Messel revival of Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Princess*. For late March a three-weeks' season of imported French opera is planned, including *Pelléas et Mélisande*, Gounod's *Mireille*, Lalo's *Roi d'Ys*, Dukas's *Ariane*, and a very attractive triple bill consisting of Ravel's *L'Heure Espagnole*, Fauré's *Masques et Bergamasques* and Ibert's *Angélique*. Altogether an enterprising and stimulating choice.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Atonement," at the Rudolf Steiner Theatre.

Edward Thompson's study of the clash between Indian and British attitude to life dates from the period when non-co-operation nearly drove the British from India, but foundered on the rock of popular violence. If the climax of the play now seems unrealistic, it is mainly because the programme disguises the fact that twenty years have elapsed since the events it deals with. But the essential ideas are unaffected. The central theme is the Indian belief that Britain must make atonement for the wrongs done to India. The second Act, in which Hindus try to explain to a sympathetic Englishman why, in spite of Christianity (which is also part of Gandhi's religion), he is still alien to India, is admirably conceived. Only by giving way to hatred, he implies, can Indians discard the habits of subservience; only by atonement can the British overcome the underlying hatred. On the opening night it was impossible for the audience to judge the play as a whole, for it was still in a dress rehearsal stage. From the point of view of production, the most remarkable feat is that several of the actors succeed in speaking with Indian emphasis and intonation.

"The Shadow Factory," at the Mercury

When a play of merit is subjected to the dreary ordeal of a synopsis the result is not even useful. Who would go to see Anne Ridler's play, for instance, if he were told that it was a new religious play by a young poet, and that it urged (to use synopsis language) "that our lives are becoming more and more subordinated to the dictates of the machine"? As for the plot, it describes how the General Manager of a Factory is converted to a more humane view of things by the combined influence of a secretary with a sunny presence, an artist who interprets his commission to design a mural by depicting the factory workers and the Manager in their true colours, and a clergyman who, by the simple sincerity of his interpretation of the Christian spirit, impels the Manager to take part in a Nativity Play and make a public confession extempore.

All this sounds like an unoriginal attempt to fob off as a religious play some ethical gesture vaguely Christian in spirit and ending in general mollification, all the cut worms forgiving all the ploughs. It sounds, in fact, like a play to avoid. Yet it casts a spell over the small audience at the Mercury. In the light and shadow of the little stage, author and producer have wonderfully suggested the flat, conditioned air of a big factory "where there is no peace and no contest." Construction gives tension to the story, and a strange mixture of warmth and wit saves the play from *Adding Machine* bleakness. The author, like so many, is sincerely concerned with matters of the spirit: like so few she can express that sincerity in words, so that in the context it is the occasionally cynical not the devout thought which sounds false.

Mr. Speaight translates himself with amphibious skill into the part of the pin-stripe chairman. Alan Wheatley gives sensitive reality to an artist who is certainly like no painter we have met from Charlotte Street to Cheyne Walk. (Fortunately there is somebody to relieve our feelings by asking, "Haven't you ever painted for a commission before?"). And then at the finish, just as we are fearing that the play is bound to be spoilt by attempting something too big, or too deft, behold it doesn't finish at all, it merely stops. We agree with the author that there was no need to dot the "i's" of so personal a play. As she says, "It was easier during the war—you knew just *why* you felt so bad."

"God Bless the Guv'nor," at Unity Theatre

Unity's Christmas frolic this year is a Victorian morality play, compiled from the novels of Mrs. Henry Wood by the able Mr. Willis. Singing, hissing and cheering, the audience is drawn into the campaign against the twin evils of The Drink and The Trade Union. Here are all the ingredients of sentimental melodrama; the handsome son of the employer; the sinister agitator; the death-bed of the heroine's mother; and, of course, the final revelation that the heroine is really the long-lost daughter of a nobleman. Exaggeration and speed are the essence of successful burlesque, and, though there are some brilliant touches in this production by Lionel Gamlin, the action would be improved if the author cut a little and the cast over-acted more. As usual, Mr. Sarron's sets make the most of Unity's small stage. This type of play is a novelty to contemporary theatre-goers and, as Unity's last presentation before its professional company takes over from the amateurs who have valiantly held the fort during the war, well deserves a visit.

RADIO NOTES

Threshold of the New.—A message of condolence is due to Louis MacNeice for being put up, year after year, to produce these Albert Hall rallies. Like the Christmas Day hook-up, such programmes are obligatory and are permitted to differ only on the surface, above the level of thought or feeling. This time we noted the genuine cleverness we have come to expect of this writer—the air-raid siren framing the whole programme, the slick, sometimes telling phrases; but the fundamental absence of freshness was marked. To bring the Present to the bar of the Past is, just now, a very good idea; but Mr. MacNeice's method of doing it led to the direst confusion. Symbolism is well, but must be restricted to what can be made absolutely clear; this programme, on the contrary, was like a long sentence in which a dozen metaphors have been inextricably mixed. And the message of it all? That the Past is like the Present, and still more like the Future—at least, that is what one listener gleaned. If he was wrong, he takes leave to blame Mr. MacNeice for it. The choral music was dignified and well written; but the fact that the words were inaudible did not help to make the broadcast more comprehensible as a whole.

There is a radio convention, which I have noticed gaining ground, that the voice of the Brave New World is necessarily a Northern one. I do not know what the North thinks of this distinction; to me it seems an invidious one and I was sorry to hear Mr. MacNeice subscribing to it.

Return Journey.—It is always a pleasure to read or hear anything by Elizabeth Bowen; but this broadcast—like the former one by Eric Linklater—made me wonder what this series is doing in the feature department. I have seldom heard clearer examples of plain talks spoilt by a technique utterly unsuited to them. The result, in Mr. Linklater's case, was a travelogue eked out with a joke or two and a little perfunctory biography of the least interesting kind; in the case of Miss Bowen, a much more intimate record of impressions was simply interrupted, at odd intervals, by the voice of a stooge asking a faked question, or by a scrap of pretty but meaningless music. The dramatised sequences at the end of the programme added nothing to the intended effect, and would have been far better (like the rest of the broadcast) as straight narration. If the series has come to stay—and in itself the basic idea is a good one—I suggest that the distinguished people who think of contributing to it would do well to grasp the nettle and dramatise their parents and relations. Only thus can autobiographic sketches of early life be made actual and interesting—unless, as I said before, the dramatic method is abandoned altogether. Most people will, no doubt, jib at the notion, yet it is really in no worse taste than describing your nearest and dearest in a book—a procedure to which no one seriously objects.

Aksel Schiotz.—Now that German Lieder are once more allowed on the air, but German singers are still, for various reasons, not particularly accessible, there is every reason why we should make as much use as possible of this excellent Danish singer's presence in England. Mr. Schiotz has a most attractive voice and an apparently perfect understanding of Lieder style. His Schubert, on January 6th, was practically impeccable and I believe there are many people in this country who would welcome a performance from him of, say, *Die Schöne Müllerin* in its entirety, at a better listening hour.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*January 13th.* Myaskovsky's Violin Concerto (U.S.S.R. State Orchestra, 8.50 a.m.); Music Magazine (11 a.m.); Transatlantic Quiz (L.P. 1.45 p.m.); Concert (Constant Lambert, 2.30 p.m.); J. B. Priestley (America—and Equality, 9.15 p.m.); A Polish Rhapsody (9.30 p.m.); William Byrd Mass (11.3 p.m.).

January 14th. Delibes and Chabrier (every morning, 9.30 a.m.); Organ Recital from Paris (L.P. 12 noon); B.B.C. Orchestra (6.45 p.m.); People Like Us (9.15 p.m.); Zorian String Quartet (11.25 p.m.).

January 15th. How Things Began (For the Schools, 2.10 p.m.); Music for All (L.P. 5.30 p.m.); Happily Ever After (6.30 p.m.); Louis Kentner (10.15 p.m.); In Memory of Kipling (10.45 p.m.).

January 16th. Russia in History (L.P. 3 p.m.); The Elizabethans (6.45 p.m.); Music of our Time (7.45 p.m.).

January 17th. What is this Modern Poetry? (L.P. 3 p.m.).

January 18th. Caruso (3 p.m.); Cap'en Jollyfax's Gun, by Arthur Morrison (3.40 p.m.); Three Men in a Boat (8 p.m.); Farewell Campo 12 (9.30 p.m.); Parrots (10.45).

January 19th. Looking at Painting (L.P. 10.40 a.m.); Horse Bus *v.* Motor Bus (L.P. 1.15 p.m.).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"Fallen Angel," at the Dominion and New Victoria
"The British Film Yearbook, 1946"

When I saw pimply faces crowding round the Empire, I knew it would be an irksome week: the alternative to Mr. Sinatra's disintegrating love chirrup is a couple of hours running with Robin Hood junior. I shall take the opportunity to hark back to a film I missed a fortnight ago, and to turn over the stills in a new yearbook.

Fallen Angel is a promising thriller of the *Double Indemnity* class. How well the camera can pick out seaminess! Here is a small Pacific coast town with the buses running through, shacks and wooden piers along the sea, a fake spiritualist meeting (with piano) at the town hall, an accessible beauty (with tune in juke-box) behind the counter at so-and-so's. She has just flopped in after four days' disappearance ("not the suicide type"), has a new bracelet and an added disgust of men, switches on her favourite tune. The hero comes that way with a dollar in his pocket, having been turned off the bus when he wanted to take a free ride to San Francisco. Both of them, of course, own the earth; it's just as well, in this kind of film, that the lovers should be contemptible yet superb in cheap attraction. These two (Lana Andrews and Linda Darnell are, both for one another and for us. Love-hate takes its course; confidence tricks are followed by murder. By the time the film has gained its gimcrack atmosphere, the director (Otto Preminger) sets about preparing ways of romantic escape. Deplorable ending, which (to add to one's discomfiture) one can see coming. Still, *Fallen Angel*, though it doesn't sustain its promise, is worth a visit.

The best year British films have known is celebrated by the appearance of a yearbook devoted entirely to the British film industry (Citizen Press, 21s.). On the whole its editor, Mr. Peter Noble, has done his work thoroughly—and tactfully. Sir Alexander Korda contributes a foreword, Mr. Arthur Rank an introduction; and there are tributes to both in the sketch history that follows. Eighty full-page illustrations, a biographical who's who, a survey of films during the war, a list of production companies and a bibliography of film criticism complete the guinea's worth. The demands of star-shine haven't prevented Mr. Noble from doing full justice to the English documentary. There are omissions, notably of Paul Rotha's *World of Plenty* from the 1943 list. Delays in printing are, no doubt, responsible for a number of mistakes under 1945: the inclusion of *Western Approaches* and *Henry V* from the year before and of several pieces from some future year; *Brief Encounter*, *Burma Victory* and *Dead of Night* are also missing. From English films in general I miss chiefly imaginative experiment (no Cocteau or Orson Welles), good comedians, an intelligent screen journalism (will a Labour Government make any use of films? I doubt it), and original writers suitably employed. No terser or more idiomatic dialogue, for example, is being written to-day than Mr. V. S. Pritchett's, but one won't encounter it in a cinema. Perhaps the present year will see some of these faults remedied.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

WHO'S AFRAID?

We have nothing to fear but fear itself.—Roosevelt.

Anxiously, warily, UNO assembles,
Bleak forebodings are not allayed,
The Council starts, the Assembly trembles,
(Which of the two is more afraid?)
Little is left for small States to vote on,
Their tongues are gagged and their role obscure,
Assembly powers are all *verboten*
To keep the Security Council secure.

Vital secrets are closely hidden,
Atom knowledge will not be pooled,
Big Three topics are all forbidden,
International faith has cooled;
Washington bangs an iron curtain
Marked "No Poaching on our Preserves,"
Soviet moods remain uncertain,
UNO begins with a crisis of nerves.

Pacts are questioned and vetoes tightened,
Checks are balanced by counterchecks,
The fighting friends have been badly frightened,
The little nations are nervous wrecks.
The Big Three meet but are not committed,
Their sovereign powers they will not share,
Each fears by others to be outwitted,
UNO admits a Security scare.

Fear has hastened the UNO meeting,
Fear's the death's head at UNO'S feast,
The Big Three guess that the rest are cheating,
Big Three tremors have been increased.
UNO'S Charter is ineffective,
Hopes for peace would be premature,
UNO is given but one objective—
To make the Security Council secure.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

GERMAN TRADE UNIONISM

SIR,—Last week, discussing the recommendations of the T.U.C. delegation that has just visited Germany, you rightly said that "it might be unwise for the Control Commission to veto any further movement towards a single union." From my experience here, it would seem that Mr. Lawther and his colleagues have done much more harm than good by asserting that Germany is not fit for a centralised trade union movement and by demanding the creation of autonomous individual unions on the same lines as in Britain. The way in which the German trade unionists are building up their movement is based on their historical experience and it is accepted by trade unionists of all political shades—at least, it was until the British delegation re-opened the whole question.

It is common ground for the overwhelming majority of German trade unionists that (1) the new unions must be organised on an industrial, not craft basis; (2) that these new industrial unions must all be part of one great union with strong central leadership. This development is vitally necessary if the German trade unions are to play a leading role in the reconstruction of a democratic Germany. They must have a big voice in the management of industry and in economic planning, and must act as a school for the German working-class as a whole. Any weakening of the united strength of the trade union movement will weaken the influence of the German working-class on the future central government of the country. The British delegation has done a disservice to the German working-class movement by creating strife and dissension where, previously, there was none. It is only a short step from "autonomous" unions to unions split up along political divisions.

I do not believe that the German trade unions will allow themselves to be split by outside "advice." In thirteen years of Nazism they learnt their lesson. The idea of *Einheitsgewerkschaften* has taken firm root. Even in the small town from which I write, the workers were given the direct alternative of voting for the British idea or for the single union. In a full and secret ballot, ninety-five per cent. voted for the centralised all-in union composed of industrial groups. There are, however, a few people who fear the militant leadership of the trade unions in Berlin and who think that they might find cosy jobs for themselves in autonomous unions.

If the British T.U. delegation had done all in its power to see that the big obstacles in the way of the German trade unions and Workers' Councils were removed, it could have done something really useful. I hope that the delegation from the World Federation, headed by Louis Saillant, which is due to arrive on January 28th, will get closer to the real job that has to be done.

BRITISH OFFICER
B.A.O.R.

THE PLOT OF JULY 20th

SIR,—Critic wisely suggests that the anti-Hitler plot of July 20th is worth full investigation. But until this investigation is carried out, surely it would be wiser to refrain from such comment as that made in last week's London Diary. By attributing vaguely sinister motives to the conspirators and suggesting that it was the work of "opportunists," he tends to obscure rather than to clarify the situation.

This revolutionary movement was the only one in the whole history of the regime that came very near to ridding Germany of the incubus of Nazi government. It has subsequently been accepted by widely differing shades of German opinion as a memorable and important step in Germany's own struggle against Fascism. Any suggestion that the plot was a hurried makeshift affair, organised only when the German cause was obviously lost, and designed to secure the continuance of the authoritarian *status quo* under another name and different leadership, is already demonstrably false. In point of fact, we know that the movement that reached its climax on July 20th was well under way in the winter of 1939.

Only a rough idea can yet be formed of the principles on which this anti-Nazi movement was

based. Much research remains to be done to which foreign governments, including Russia, could contribute. This much already seems clear—those inside Germany possessed of the necessary vision and determination saw only one way of overthrowing the Nazi regime from within. All actual and potential sources of opposition must be united. The Nazis employed a technique destructive of the Marxist class divisions. Their fanatical supporters came from all classes. They could not therefore be destroyed by a Marxist counter-movement of the proletariat alone. The second overwhelming reality was the armed force and the terror which the Nazis maintained. Only a movement, therefore, that had won over the bulk of the German Army stood any chance of success.

These two principles explain the composition of the plot. It was a broad-based movement, including Trade Unionists, Social Democrats, Churchmen, industrialists, civil servants and military officers. To have joined at all, its Left wing members must have been just as certain as the rest that this united opposition was the only way, that the presence of the generals was a necessity, that the kind of organisation they were building was dictated by the cruel circumstances in which they were placed. And that only an integrated counter-revolution of this nature had any chance of achieving the primary object of each component part—the absolute elimination of Hitler's government.

DIANA HOPKINSON

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PALESTINE

SIR,—It is difficult to understand what conclusion or solution your correspondent, L. V. Thompson, reaches in his letter on Palestine published in your issue of January 5th, 1946. But several of the statements he makes, as well as the cumulative impression his letter produces on the mind of the reader, deserve comment. Running through the letter is the thesis that there is in the Arab world a violent anti-Jewish feeling, springing from the fanatical ignorance of the illiterate Arab masses and fomented by leaders who have axes to grind. This is not the case. The Arabs are not a violent or aggressive people and there is very little anti-Jewish feeling proper in the Arab world. Indeed, the Arabs have a much cleaner record in regard to the Jews than the peoples of Europe. Until the appearance of political Zionism the Jews in the Arab world lived in peace and security as a part of the indigenous population and on friendly terms with the Arabs.

They had never been persecuted and there was no more prejudice against them than existed normally between members of different religions and confessions in an age when religious differences inevitably begot prejudice. The advent of political Zionism, which in Arab eyes is a movement of imperialist aggression, threatening the Arabs with political and economic servitude, brought a new and devastating factor into the situation. For 25 years the Zionists, a mixed immigrant population mainly from Eastern and Central Europe, have, with the armed support of Great Britain, been forcing themselves in large numbers on a small Arab country with the avowed intention of achieving a majority in it and establishing a Jewish National State. In this attempt they have flouted the most elementary rights, feelings and interests of the indigenous population, arousing the bitterest hostility and opposition not only among the Arabs of Palestine but throughout the Arab world. Opposition to Zionism did not, therefore, spring from anti-Semitism. It sprang from the natural reactions of the self-preservation instinct and is a political opposition to a political threat.

However, it was inevitable that if the Zionist aggression continued, the hatred and bitterness which it aroused should react badly on the general position of all Jews in the Arab world. And this is what is happening to-day, but apparently the Zionists and their supporters in this country do not realise it. The plain brute fact is that Zionism is rendering a very serious disservice to the Jews as Jews in the Arab world because not everybody can always maintain the rational distinction between Zionists and Jews, and some of the hatred provoked by the former is bound, on occasions, to embrace the latter.

What exists in the Arab world, therefore, is not an anti-Jewish feeling confined to the illiterate masses and fomented by axe-grinders, but an anti-Zionist feeling which on occasions may take on an indiscriminately anti-Jewish complexion; and this anti-Zionist feeling is profound and universal throughout the Arab world, felt by all classes, the educated as well as the illiterate.

Your correspondent refers to the recent anti-Jewish outbreak in Tripoli, but he does not mention that, quite apart from the natural solidarity of the Tripolitans with the Arabs of Palestine, the fears of the former had been recently aroused by a number of indications which seemed to them to presage an extension of Zionist designs to their country, e.g., suggestions put out and mentioned in the Press that Libya might be a suitable country for Zionist settlement, the creation of a Jewish boy scout association in Libya on Zionist lines, and the bringing into the country by the British authorities of a Palestinian (Jewish) Company for garrisoning duties.

EDWARD ATIYAH

The Arab Office, 161, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.1.

ITALY

SIR,—As Mr. Fielden rejoices in having drawn my fire, he will not take it amiss, I hope, if he draws a bit more.

His two letters seem to me sad examples of how a brilliant Intellectual can manage to remain politically illiterate. So far as he is concerned the whole tragic story of the rise of Fascism and the turning out of the lights of democracy and civilisation in one country after another in Europe between the wars, is wasted. He assumes that an Allied military force and an Allied Military Government controlling the whole life of a country is politically neutral. It isn't, of course, and never has been.

A.M.G. in Italy has not so much "stopped" as "frustrated" or "prevented" a revolution. Whether Mr. Fielden likes it or not, this country has a political responsibility. It was summed up in the House on December 19th by the Minister of State, Mr. P. J. Noel-Baker, when in replying to my question he stated that the following words, uttered by Mr. Churchill when he was still Prime Minister, on May 24th, 1944, accurately described the policy of His Majesty's present Government:

> It is understood throughout Italy, and it is the firm intention of the United Nations, that Italy, like all other countries which are now associated with us, shall have a fair and free opportunity, as soon as the Germans are driven out and tranquillity is restored, of deciding whatever form of democratic Government, whether monarchical or republican, they desire. They can choose freely for themselves. I emphasise, however, the word "democratic" because it is quite clear that we should not allow any form of Fascism to be restored or set up in any country with whom we have been at war.

What I want to know is what are we going to do to prohibit the attempts now going on in Italy through the so-called "Front of the Common Man" Movement to restore a form of Fascism in that country: "Do nothing at all," says Mr. Fielden enthusiastically.

I am sure Mr. Fielden will not think me impolite for tarring him with political illiteracy, since in both his letters he glories in the fact that he knows nothing about politics (which, he says, have "nothing to do with life") and cares less.

House of Commons. K. ZILLIACUS

SIR,—Lionel Fielden, in your issue of December 15th, raised a matter of great importance. In view of the recent outcry against slowness of release, I have been amazed at the numbers of people who are deferring or even considering being released in Italy.

Biro

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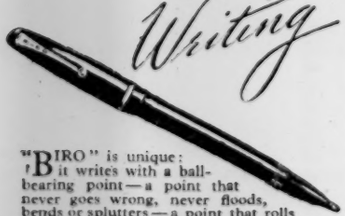

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There are still many more who leave for home, casting "one longing, lingering look behind."

A desire to remain in Italy appears to rest on two more or less unconscious assumptions:—

i. The privileged position of a British soldier in an occupied country will persist after he has put on civvies and the authority and resources of the Army have gone.

ii. The attraction he has for Italian women will remain, once the aura compounded of cigarette smoke, Lifebuoy scent and Cadbury flavour has melted away, and the jeep is no more.

Such men are psychological cases, who dream of an idyllic future as the business representatives of an Italian firm, complete with gorgeous luxury flat and sophisticated mistress. They have a growling fear of a return to Britain, with its greater self-discipline, its more virtuous women, its need for work and not the blustering substitute for work, its housing shortage with incorruptible Borough committees, and its inferior rations minus fruit and wines. They have even lost their good-humour over the English weather.

These men—and their number grows—are incapable of throwing themselves into the bracing task of building on the ruins of a lend-leased Britain a new democracy of full employment and economic justice. What this capitulation by young and fit men will mean in economic and social terms I do not know, but its moral significance alone is disturbing.

C.M.F. I. CELNER

COMPENSATION

SIR,—"Accountant's" letter in your issue of December 29th bases the argument, that the terms of compensation to Bank of England stock-holders establish an expensive precedent, on false premises. Bank Stock is a full Trustee security and for the last twenty years the yield has been comparable with other Government stocks of similar status. The averages of the mean between the high and low prices of Bank Stock, Local Loans 3 per cent. and Great Western Railway 4 per cent. Debenture (a representative high-grade debenture, itself a Trustee stock) between the years 1925 and 1938 inclusive were as follows:

Bank of England Stock	300
Local Loans 3 per cent.	76¾
Great Western Railway 4 per cent. Debenture	95

When allowance is made for the narrow market in Bank Stock (so that the above price of 300 represents a nominal quotation of 297½-302½) it is seen that the average yield to a buyer over the period was only fractionally higher than the yield on Local Loans (3.9 per cent.), and materially lower than the yield on Great Western Railway Debenture (4.15 per cent.). Between 1938 and the General Election the relative yields showed no significant variation and in mid-May, 1945, the yields on the three quoted securities were 3.1 per cent., 3.13 per cent. and 3.38 per cent. respectively.

In the second place, "Accountant's" statement that "the Government is generously paying £400 for stock which would never have cost more than approximately £380 in the open market" entirely ignores the effect on long-dated gilt-edged stocks in recent months of the fresh turn of the Government's "cheap money" screw. This very significant development, which had nothing to do with the nationalisation of the Bank of England, has caused the price of 2½ per cent. Consols to rise since mid-May, 1945, from 83½ to 92, the corresponding rise in Local Loans having been from 95½ to 98; and it is quite certain that under this stimulus, even if the Election had never taken place, the price of Bank Stock would have experienced a corresponding rise to at least 390.

STOCKBROKER

A CHEF'S LIFE

SIR,—I wonder whether members of the public realise, when eating in hotels and restaurants, the conditions under which the staff in many of these places have to work? As my husband is a chef, I am brought into direct contact with these conditions.

In many restaurants in the West End, the kitchen staff commence work around 8-9.30 a.m. There is an interval between 2.30 and 5. Half an hour of this is taken up in washing and changing, and the same thing applies on returning—hence the interval is usually from 3-4.30. After this, they are expected to work solidly from 5 until sometimes 10.30 and even 11 in the evening.

Apart from the number of working hours, the state of the kitchens is often disgusting; food is prepared in dirty saucepans which are very rarely properly scrubbed; tables used are covered with layers of grease and fat; floors are rarely washed and the place is totally unfit for the preparation of food of any sort. Most kitchens in restaurants and hotels are situated in basements where there is rarely any ventilation, and, in two or three of the places where my husband has worked, the lavatory, sometimes shared by both sexes, has been next door to the kitchen. As these were not properly or, sometimes, never cleaned, the smell pervaded where the food was being cooked.

Surely it is time that all places where food is prepared should be inspected regularly. I know that there has been some mention of this recently, but the matter is one of urgency.

If late hours must be worked, legislation should be put into effect so that the staff can have at least two evenings free a week, and, say, one Saturday or Sunday off a month. E. K.

BUREAUCRATIC IRRELEVANCE

SIR,—When filling up a form recently for a vegetarian ration book, I had great difficulty in finding a "Responsible Person," among my numerous friends, to vouch for my *bona-fides*. The categories listed included Salvation Army Captains and Certified Midwives, but *not* editors, dentists, publishers, librarians, antiquarians, publicans, novelists, dramatists, Members of Parliament, or any of the riff-raff with whom I normally consort.

Curious to discover the basis of selection (and, if possible, to identify the Selection Committee) I mentioned this matter to a man of some worldly experience, who said he could throw no light on it, but that my case was a very mild example of such irrelevance. He then mentioned the case of a friend who applied for a post under the Admiralty recently, as an analyst of steel. Among the questions in the form sent to him, he was asked whether any of his family rode to hounds.

I should like to know if any of your readers have inside knowledge as to how such forms are drafted, and by whom. Also perhaps other examples may be forthcoming, from which a handbook of certified wisdom could be compiled.

20 Jubilee Place, S.W.3. REGINALD REYNOLDS

BARTOK

SIR,—In your issue of December 29th, your reviewer says: "it seems to me (I have not seen the original) as though the arranger had tampered considerably with this set of Bartok's Roumanian Folk Dances."

If he had taken the trouble to borrow or buy the easily obtainable original, he would have found that these Dances have not been tampered with in any way by the arranger. They are a faithful transcript of the original piano pieces and the harmony has not been altered in any way whatsoever.

CONSTANT LAMBERT

FASCISM AND THE LAW

SIR,—Would Mr. Peter Evans say that anyone who excited ill-will between workers and capitalists or who preached class war was guilty of sedition according to Common Law? JOHN V. SIMCOX

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE decision of Teodor Josef Conrad Korzeniowski to write his novels in the English language was the kind of compliment which nations, unlike individuals, seldom receive. To be sure, it had in this case been preceded by what many Englishmen might consider an even greater act of esteem—the future writer's whole-hearted adherence to the life and traditions of the British Merchant Navy. But the two compliments were really complementary; the qualities which Conrad found to admire in England and the English were exactly those which, as a member of the Polish upper class, he had been brought up to admire; but in our case they were combined, and as it were systematised, in a manner which made a special appeal to Conrad's most un-Polish love of reserve. There is no reason to suppose that he found the English braver or more honourable than his own countrymen; but he will have found them gentler in the expression of their virility and more inclined to make light of the grimmer sides of personal experience. It was in fact the Public School tradition (then, as now, unconfined to Public School men) which Conrad admired and set himself to celebrate—in Lord Jim, in Captain Lingard, in the heroes of *Youth* and of *The Arrow of Gold*, in the saturnine, pipe-chewing narrators of so many of his stories.

The nineteenth-century English gentleman, of whatever class, is a mysterious figure; and here Conrad was admirably placed, by the scope of his temperament and imagination, to grasp the outline and significance of a type which reaches back, beyond Corneille, to the ideals of fifteenth-century Spain. Love, Duty: in the widest acceptance of these two words are contained the conflict and resolution within a view of life which needs nothing else for its fulfilment. Such a system is only by accident associated with Christian belief; essentially it is Stoic, and in our own day it has reverted to its origins. In this conception Silence plays an important role, analogous to the gigantic rests in Beethoven's musical style: silence which is not mere void but a form of transition. At such moments of spiritual crisis words are necessarily a kind of betrayal—a dilution of the personality. So that taste here means knowing by instinct how to *define the inexpressible*. In his masterly variations on this ghostly passacaglia Joseph Conrad shows himself as the last of the great nineteenth-century novelists, and it was fitting that he should have survived Henry James, whom he greatly admired (and to whom he owed much), by only a few years. For all their elaborate articulateness, both these writers place the highest value—the most brilliant accent—on the peak of silence. In a sense their plots are so constructed as to lead up to it. It is, as James might have said, their beautiful moment. Thus Millie Theale dies without telling Kate and Densher what she thinks of them; Isabel Archer returns to her disgusting husband without the final word to Caspar Goodwood which would explain—and explain away—her action. "The rest," for Lord Jim, as for Hamlet and Madame Bovary, is silence; the hero and heroine of *The Rescue* only become articulate after their crisis has passed; and the charm of Mrs. Gould's character, for Nostromo as for us, arises from everything she refrains from saying.

On a spiritually lower level, but of correspondingly higher dramatic tension, is the silence of suspense of which Conrad is so fond. Let me quote an example of this, on its smallest scale, from the scene in *The Rover* where the lovers, Arlette and Réal, are spied upon by the *sans-culotte*, Scévola:—

> She lay down on the very edge of the bed, the kissed hand tucked under her cheek. The faculty of thinking abandoned her altogether, but she remained open-eyed, wide awake. In that position, without hearing the slightest sound, she saw the door handle move down as far as it would go, perfectly noiseless, as though the lock had been oiled not long before. Her impulse was to leap right out into the middle of the room, but she restrained herself and only swung herself into a sitting posture. The bed had not creaked. She lowered her feet gently to the ground, and by the time when, holding her breath, she put her ear against the door, the handle had come back into position. She had detected no sound outside. Not the faintest. Nothing.

From scenes like this, broken, if at all, by a sharp gesture or a whispered warning, Conrad derives some of his most striking effects. Similar passages, though on a much larger scale, form the climaxes of *Victory* and of *The Arrow of Gold*. Think, too, of that wonderfully contrived moment in *Nostromo*, when the hero, after his long disappearance from the scene, slides back like a shadow into our ken. And all these passages could be considered as so many studies for the biggest canvas of all, in which Suspense—the waiting for something thought of but unspoken—is the very atmosphere in which all the characters move and which persists up to the point where the novelist's own death created a suspense that still endures.

An acute sense of the human mystery, which has landed many novelists of to-day in despair and contempt of life, led Conrad to a high opinion of men and women. His disgust when they betrayed the standard he expected of them was incompatible with resignation to human frailty. As a novelist he was no less intransigent; when the creatures of his imagination fail to rise to his occasions, then the nervous exasperation, which was so striking a feature of his own personality, shows itself in bursts of violent disdain. This high-handed treatment is responsible for much that is bad in these high-toned novels. Scévola, for instance, might have been plausible enough if Conrad had been able to restrain his contempt for a type of fanaticism that was foreign to his own nature; and in stories like *Victory* and *Nostromo* the lavishly exotic decor favoured a too picturesque distortion in the drawing of character. The sense of romance (the feature of his work which seems to "date" most strongly just now) gave Conrad his preference for melodramatic plots, unaccompanied by any love of telling a story for its own sake. He has left it on record that in his opinion the point of the universe is probably spectacular. Such a view is perfectly consistent with a strong sense of man's responsibility to develop his characteristic powers to the utmost. In slightly varying forms it was the view accepted by the great Elizabethans, and by nineteenth-century figures like Beddoes, Vigny, Meredith and Hardy. In our own day it is typified by two great novelists—Malraux and Kafka (compare Conrad's shipping office scenes with the bureaucratic circles of Kafka's hell), and finds a distinct echo in the arid despair of Camus's *L'Etranger* and *Le Malentendu*. The mainspring of all these writers, from Marlowe to the Existentialists, is the absolute compensation attainable through courage. In a sense this is also Conrad's one theme, concealed in countless variations but most searchingly explored in what many consider his finest novel: *Lord Jim*. This would seem, on the face of it, a most objective work; but objectivity in fiction is never more than apparent. To the extent in which we may credit Flaubert when he exclaims: "Madame Bovary, c'est moi!" we are entitled to believe that Conrad might have said "Lord Jim, c'est moi!" That Conrad was an efficient sea captain there is no reason to doubt; hidden in the depths of his reserve were the anguish and the self-distrust which visit all men who are responsible for the lives of others, and supremely, perhaps, in that great symbol of life, the sailing ship. To have imagined the tragedy of Lord Jim's final lapse was to have carried that lapse always in his own heart, and towards the end of his life Conrad gave a further expression to it, in a story which makes little effort to conceal its nearness to his own experience. At the end of *The Shadow Line*, near the height of the long-drawn crisis, the narrator transcribes a portion of his diary, ending with these sentences:—

> Ships have been dismasted in squalls simply because they weren't handled quick enough, and we have no power to whirl the yards around. It's like being bound hand and foot preparatory to having one's throat cut. And what appals me most of all is that I shrink from going on deck to face it. It's due to the ship, it's due to the men who are there on deck—some of them, ready to put out the last remnant of their strength at a word from me. And I am shrinking from it. From the mere vision. My first command. Now I understand that strange sense of insecurity in my past. I always suspected that I might be no good. And here is proof positive; I am shirking it, I am no good.

The weaknesses that great men successfully overcome, tell us more about them than the *persona* they present to the world. To dramatise these frailties becomes their most cherished ambition. In Conrad's case the moment of silence could have been filled only in this manner; which perhaps explains the fact that, although comparatively slight in texture, *The Shadow Line* is one of his most satisfying stories. In a recent addition to the Everyman Library Messrs. Dent have printed this *nouvelle* together with *Typhoon* and *The Nigger of the Narcissus*. To read *The Shadow Line* after *The Nigger* is to be made sharply aware how greatly Conrad improved his style between 1897 and 1917. Without wishing to deprive *The Nigger* of its deserved status as a minor classic, it is permissible to observe how often in that novel Conrad has recourse to the swell pedal, to pompous insistence and un-English phraseology. In other passages he writes supremely well; but in *The Shadow Line* there is everywhere a greater ease and fluency, a clearer line, and a lack of emphasis which exactly balances character against event in a design of great poetic power. And as an essay in symbolism the story is a masterpiece, for the planes of reality are kept level to the end.

A highly conscious artist, Conrad believed thoroughly in the absorption of "atmosphere" and the collection, on the spot, of characteristic detail. He did not care to be caught out in a matter of fact. When I knew him, in the last years of his life, he had begun work on *Suspense*. Well as he already knew the Mediterranean scenes among which the story was to be set, he had no thought of relying on his memory, and his last journey was undertaken with the object of refreshing it. This care for detail, for soaking oneself in the atmosphere of the intended scene, was the chief lesson which he chose to impress upon one aspiring writer. Hunched like a wary bird in his upright chair, his face a triangular mirror always tilted towards the light, he would look down the point of his beard at the hero-worshipping boy who had walked across the summer park at Bourne to interrupt the solitude of his study. Perhaps it was with some idea of correcting my ill-judged enthusiasm for the novels of D'Annunzio that he shot out at me, in one of his sudden bursts of jet-black animation: "Go to Venice. And don't stay at an hotel; take a room in an old palace and live there for some time. It's the only way to get the *feeling* of the place." And then, if I remember right, he escaped—as so often—into French, in which language, for conversational purposes, he seemed still to be more at home than in English. He spoke of the difficulty he had had in recapturing the mood of *The Rescue*, so as to finish it after a lapse of over twenty years. In everything he said I recognised the writer I so greatly loved—the undeviating artist, unsatisfied, treating his novels as so many surmounted obstacles on the path of an endless quest; impatient of admiration (as of so much else), yet never in doubt of the essential truth of his vision.

The suspended conclusion of *Suspense* is curiously prophetic:

> "Where is his star now?" said Cosmo, after looking down in silence for a time.
>
> "Signore, it should be out," said Attilio, with studied intonation. "But who will miss it out of the sky?"

For twenty years it has been missed neither by the reading public nor by other writers. The time is ripe for it to emerge from behind the cloud.

LIONEL CRANFIELD

SHOCK TACTICS

Hearts not Heads in the School. By A. S. NEILL. *Herbert Jenkins.* 7s. 6d.

In his new book Mr. A. S. Neill offers a few rather random "notes," to use his own expression, in the hope that the planners of education may be persuaded by them not to leave out of their plans the most important element—the personal. The danger is recognised by most people interested in the subject. Organisation, buildings and equipment are important, but they are the merest bones; by themselves they will neither walk nor work. Old-fashioned liberals—and I don't mean by old-fashioned "stuffy"—have always stressed the importance of the personal element, but by it they have meant the teachers: Get the right men and women into the profession, they have argued, and they will make any system (or lack of it) work. Mr. Neill by the personal element does not mean the teacher. What he thinks of teachers may be judged from his boasting that "one proof of the success of the school [his own school, Summerhill] is that no old pupil wants to be a teacher." Surely a curious boast for one who imagines that only education will save the world.

The only thing that matters in Mr. Neill's view is the child and that it should have absolute freedom to develop its own nature, and he carries this doctrine almost (but not quite) to its logical conclusion. There is an obvious flaw in his logic that he stops where he does. The freedom of the children at his school is limited in relation to feeding, washing and sleeping (I omit sex because it is only society which prevents his carrying things to their logical conclusion there). Children must of course, so he says, have their freedom limited in regard to physical health. Yet why a child should be a better judge of what is the best thing to learn than of when it is the best time to have a bath, I don't comprehend. Mr. Neill simply states it. Doubtless he could justify his attitude by reference to his practice. Not knowing Summerhill I am unable to judge. But if I were a planner in search of enlightenment about modern methods I do not think I should be much impressed by the mixture of wild generalisations, chatty stories, and strongly held prejudices which make up this book. Indeed, Mr. Neill seems to me so to over-simplify the important issues which the subject raises that even those who come to his ideas with sympathy will end by being put off. He appears to believe still in shocking us, and this is a mistake when more people than ever before are prepared to take the subject of child psychology seriously and to want it used. It seems to Mr. Neill, of course, to be the simplest truism that psychology is the only important thing in education, but it is a curious deficiency of judgment to suppose that waverers will be won over by a book whose tone is at once dogmatic, sentimental and philistine. Mr. Neill carries over into his writing the attitude that he adopts towards the children in his school. There he disbelieves in the adults assuming any authority whatsoever, and he prides himself on being just "one of the gang," a chap among the chaps, who talks to the other chaps in what he believes to be their own language ("Buzz off and spend the dough"). Whether this is effective or not for his own purpose, the planners of education he is addressing are not Summerhill trained, and they are more likely to be repelled than attracted by being addressed as if they were. This may be pompous of them (and of the reviewer), but I suggest that if Mr. Neill used his head as well as his large heart, he would see that his approach was at fault.

In any case it seems to me very doubtful whether the negative attitude to authority which Mr. Neill advocates is so universally right as he supposes. For certain children with certain problems at a certain stage, perhaps. But children have to grow up and emerge into a real world and the problem of authority and its right use seems to me a particularly important one at the moment, and one that Mr. Neill's methods burke. In the same way, although he denies it, he is burking the issue of society as a whole. One of the great difficulties about growing up—it is a difficulty which some people never get right—is to reconcile the rival claims of the individual and society. Certainly the English tradition of education has over-emphasised the importance of society to a point where, in the Public School system, the individual hardly counted as such. The spreading knowledge of psychology, together with experiments such as Mr. Neill's, has begun to redress the balance. We can afford to carry the process a good deal further; but the balance will always remain a precarious one, and it may depend as much upon the nature of the society as upon the nature of the individuals. Mr. Neill is obviously right in saying that child psychology will help us to produce more balanced individuals and it is obviously desirable in any society that we should do so. But how balanced is it to chuck out the baby with the bathwater, which Mr. Neill's provoking title suggests to be his aim?

T. C. WORSLEY

A PHILOSOPHER IN THE MAKING

The Autobiography of Giambattista Vico. Translated from the Italian by MAX HAROLD FISCH and THOMAS GODDARD BERGIN. *Oxford University Press.* 15s. 6d.

Vico's Autobiography appeared in 1728, when the author was sixty years old. There had been mooted in Venice a quarterly collection of learned studies, to which it was proposed that famous scholars should contribute their life-stories for the edification of young students. It was stipulated that each author should narrate the chief circumstances of his life, with especial reference to the studies he had pursued and the steps by which he had reached intellectual pre-eminence. He should tell of the works he had published or was preparing, and the criticism he had encountered, defending his views or frankly admitting his errors. The scheme came to nothing, its sole surviving product being *The Life of Giambattista Vico, written by himself*, which is now for the first time translated into English.

The very stipulations under which Vico wrote his Life make it of especial interest as an introduction to his philosophy. He tells of his upbringing in Naples and the independent nature of his studies in philosophy and law, theology, mathematics, language and poetry. Poverty pursued him through life. In youth he left Naples to become tutor in the isolated castle of a nobleman. Nine years later he returned to Naples, to the chair of rhetoric, which he held for about forty years at a miserable stipend, eked out by private teaching. It was not until 1725, after reverses that would have crushed a flimsier genius, that Vico published his *New Science*, a treatise on the history of civilisation and the evolution of law, by virtue of which its author can claim to be the founder of the philosophy of history. Vico pictures survivors of the Flood wandering over the earth, living as beasts. A second stage brings settled habitations, the tilling of the soil, morality and "frightful religions" inspired by fear of natural phenomena, and the rule of the hero or demi-god. "Lawless vagrants" still living in conditions of chaos are drawn into this society as serfs, whence develop two classes

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JONATHAN CAPE

of men with contrary urges: the serfs striving to change their state and the rulers to keep their privileges. Gradually the serfs prevail, and a third age comes into being, the democratic age, or "age of men." This, too, runs its course and decays, as bureaucratic government relieves both classes of public responsibility. Faith, conscience, and discipline wither away, until breakdown or conquest dissolves the structure and brings a reversion to barbarism. Then the cycle of ages begins anew. Vico was one of the earliest thinkers to present heroic or poetic personages as personifications of the development of a people. Not the least of his achievements was his postulation of Homer as the combined genius of the Greek people in the heroic age.

In Vico's interpretation of history, law derives from conscience, and conscience from God. Vico held that the world of nature and the supernatural world were created by God for his knowledge alone, but that the human world, as man's creation, is a proper study for man. In his youth, Naples had been the freest-thinking city in Italy, with the leading elements moving towards Descartes on the one hand and towards the Quietists on the other. When Vico returned as a teacher, Descartes was at the height of his renown and Aristotle a fairy-tale. Metaphysics, medicine and law had fallen from repute. Vico blessed the poverty that had banished him to the wilderness to pursue his separate way, and his theory of knowledge ultimately emerged to make him the chief critic of Descartes in Italy.

It has been said that the disproportion between the value of a man's thought and his contemporaries' failure to appreciate it has never been greater; neither have the passing centuries done much to redeem the neglect accorded to Vico. In France, a phase of appreciation followed on the translations of Michelet; then, for a while, the *New Science* became the book of the Italian Risorgimento. Recently, when the cyclical view of history became the fashion, little acknowledgment was granted to Vico, and, bitterest of all, his thought was twisted to provide a claim for him as the forerunner of Fascist philosophy. A revival of genuine interest in Vico studies, which has brought the present translation into being, is doubtless due to the revaluation of Vico's philosophy by Benedetto Croce.

If Vico's thoughts were, as Michelet proclaimed, a century in advance of his time, yet in his character, his energy, enthusiasm and resilience, he suggests an Italian of the high Renaissance. Blows of fate were but dispensations of Providence, guiding him into better paths. He had trouble and discomfort at home, no privacy, no leisure, no peace of mind. Preferment eluded him. Even the withdrawal of patronage which interrupted the first publication of the *New Science* became a chance to snatch back the manuscript and recast it in a better form. "Forever praised be Providence," he wrote, "which, when the weak sight of mortals sees in it nothing but stern justice, then most of all is at work on a crowning mercy!"

The obscurity and extravagance of Vico's style, which cannot be denied, and which may have cost him recognition, have taxed his present translators to the full. They can congratulate themselves on having produced a readable and accurate version of the *Life*. Less happy is the Introduction in which Mr. Fisch lectures on the philosophy of Vico as exemplified in the *New Science*. The obvious criticism that the *Life* is overbalanced by a hundred odd pages of introduction to a work not here included, is met in advance with the assurance that a translation of the *New Science* is on its way. But the English reader may find himself at sea in this highly compressed, comparative and allusive study of a work which may prove difficult of access. More might have been made of the matters which arise out of the *Life* itself. Yet, should the reader be driven to Croce's book *The Philosophy of Giambattista Vico*, ably translated by R. G. Collingwood just before the last war, he need have no cause to complain.

J. M. SHELMERDINE

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The reader sees him as a child in the old brick house and in the garden at Ross-on-Wye, collecting minerals and fossils and making "his own toys, especially little boats"; in Paris writing unrevealing letters about his student life there; in London in contact with Whistler and Sickert, battling over Impressionism and for the New English Art Club, becoming famous soon thanks to the generous appreciation of MacColl and George Moore, who were to become his friends; later in his house on the river in Chelsea with his servants and his circle: Tonks, Sickert, George Moore and Gray; on summer expeditions with other landscape painters; and later, nearly blind, shopping in Chelsea accompanied by his dog and cat; at last during the war, when for two years he never went to bed, sitting every night "in a chair, fully dressed in hat and coat, in his cellar," Flo, his servant, beside him.

The story includes Steer's paper on Impressionism, which proves, in a few words, his common sense and grasp of essentials; many of his sayings, and examples of his integrity of mind and goodness of heart; the praise of his contemporaries, including that of Roger Fry, and descriptions by his Slade pupils and by his niece, which are some of the most charming in the book.

I cannot add much to this account or to the portrait in *Conversations in Ebury Street*, though I met him often at Tonks's "Saturday evenings in the Vale," where his instinctive wit and weight of character formed the third ingredient setting off the other two parts of a trio—the fierce convictions of Tonks and the mischievous sallies of George Moore—a trio who played together in a perfection of vivacity and drollery night after night. Steer did often seem to be asleep, as Tonks painted him, but I have heard him recite "in his sleep" *The Bride of Abydos*, burst out laughing or silence Moore with a comment. To have been present at this curious intimacy between such original and dissimilar characters who, through friendship, found a way of communicating in a perpetual ribald and rippling raillery, is one of the great pleasures of my life.

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Steer's "impressions" are some of the most true, and in water-colour, perhaps the most delicate, ever made of our island—*Chepstow Castle, Rainbow Landscape over Severn, The Blue Girl, Fishing Boats Bosham, Thames Barges Evening*—let George Moore give us the appetite to look at them again with delight:

> This quality, which for want of a better expression, I call the optimism of painting, is a peculiar characteristic of Mr. Steer's work. We find it again in *Children Paddling*. Around the long breakwater the sea winds, filling the estuary, or perchance recedes, for the incoming tide is noisier—a delicious, happy, opium blue, the blue of oblivion . . . Paddling in the warm sea-water gives oblivion to those children. They forget their little worries in the sensation of sea and sand, as I forget mine in that dreamy blue which fades and deepens imperceptibly, like a flower from the intense heart to the delicate edge of the petals. The vague sea is drawn up behind the breakwater, and out of it the broad sky ascends solemnly in curves like palms. Happy sensation of daylight; a flower-like afternoon; little children paddling; the world is behind them, too; they are as flowers, and are conscious only of the benedictive influences of sand and sea and sky.

And let Roger Fry steady a waverer:

> Mr. Steer is one of the most gifted and one of the purest artists that we have ever had in England.

MARY HUTCHINSON

HEAVEN AND EARTH

Does God Exist? By A. E. TAYLOR. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

The Fourfold Vision. By F. SHERWOOD TAYLOR. *Chapman and Hall.* 6s.

Towards Christian Democracy. By STAFFORD CRIPPS. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.

Sir Stafford Cripps's little book, a clearly expressed repetition of the principles of Christian Socialism, is, incidentally, the explanation of why Professor Taylor's *Does God Exist?* and, in a less degree, Mr. Sherwood Taylor's *The Fourfold Vision*, were worth writing, and why they are to be commended to the reader.

Stafford Cripps's contention is that the brave new world cannot be created without God. Writing of the technical achievements of our mechanised age he says:

> It is of the essence of our proper use of these technical advances that we should have a firm and unchallengeable basis with which to control their use. And that is what our religion has to do with aeroplanes and railway engines. The controlling power must be neither the machine, nor the man, but the power of God within man.

G. D. H. Cole has written that the Socialist society must have the Christian ethic as its foundation though it need not accept the Christian theology. The Christian Socialist believes that, since the way of the decent common life is clearly indicated by Christ, there is an infinitely greater chance of humanity contriving to live in the Gospel way if it has the guidance and inspiration of the Gospel's dominating Figure.

Harold Laski says that in the primitive centuries, the victory of Christianity was "the recovery by man of belief in himself." By finding God he found himself. This is another way of saying that when the Word was made flesh the flesh was made sacred.

To realise this is also to realise, as Mr. Laski writes in his criticism of T. S. Eliot, that the Christian Church was intended not to supply "a technique of escape for a chosen few," as both super-mystical Catholicism and commercialised Protestantism have taught, but as the "means of liberating the masses."

Mr. Sherwood Taylor, a Roman Catholic scientist, concerned in his book with the relations of science and religion, writes: "The essential factor that makes anything to be religious is the conscious relating of it to God." A Godless religion is a contradiction in terms. It is to God that man must look for help to obey the Christian laws of individual living and of the individual's relations with society.

Professor Taylor expresses his sympathy with the position "with the heart man believes and he who does not feel the need of faith cannot be battered into it by logic; the appeal must be made, first and foremost, and all the time, to personal experience." But he has written to show that many of the "scientific" objections to theistic beliefs are unreasonable and to demonstrate what Whitehead has called "the rationality of God" as He is revealed in the New Testament.

Professor Taylor is a learned philosopher and he has set out his arguments forcibly and sometimes with scornful humour. But actually he adds little to George Saintsbury's two assertions that there is a world of difference between "not knowing" and "knowing not" and that "creed begins exactly where knowledge stops and the evidence of things not seen supplements—but never falls within—the evidence of things seen."

It is not irrational to have a belief in the possibility of contact with omnipotent beneficence. It is realistic to recognise the limitation of knowledge and purely romantic to suppose that the mysteries of life can be dissected in a laboratory.

Professor Taylor accepts the orthodox teaching, constantly repeated by Archbishop Temple, that while earthly life may be vastly improved, the earth can never be a little heaven below. He writes: "There must be a continuation of our personal lives into the unseen and it must be there and not here that the end of which nature is the means is achieved." This, it seems to me, is the partial acceptance of the other-worldliness of such fantastic sects as Jehovah's Witnesses, who regard this world as so evil that it is a waste of time to try to make it any better, and of the Buddhist attitude of Mgr. Knox who has declared that "what we see and touch and feel are transitory things and unreal."

Dr. Temple, himself, said that Christianity is the most materialistic of all the world religions, and by this he surely meant that the intention of the Incarnation was to demonstrate the Creator's desire that man should be useful and happy here and now. Religion may be, as Sir Stafford Cripps says, "a stupid, mystical self-deception which we use as a sort of vague insurance against possible suffering in the future." But religion may be and is meant to be the incentive not only to visiting the widows and the fatherless in their affliction and to bind up the wounds of the man who has fallen among thieves, but to clear the thieves from the road from Jerusalem to Jericho and to wage persistent war against the Devil's forces that contrive injustice and frustration and degrade and impoverish lives that might be dignified and fruitful.

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The Saint on Guard. By LESLIE CHARTERIS. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 8s. 6d.

Captain Bulldog Drummond. By GERARD FAIRLIE. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 8s. 6d.

Mrs. Christie has set her admirers another classical poser. In *Sparkling Cyanide* she uses every trick and artifice in her repertory to baffle the aspiring solver—with disastrous success, judging by some of the vituperative comments that punctuate the reading of the last three pages. These comments have some justification, it must be admitted; but it really is very late in the day to start objecting to Mrs. Christie's notorious weakness—the *physical* implausibility of her plots. We have all been warned time and time again that her criminals perform the most improbable feats. All you are entitled to expect is that their actions are just conceivable; and that holds true in *Sparkling Cyanide*. When you face Mrs. Christie's psychology, that's where you must show your mettle. There are six suspects to choose from, three men and three women, and three motives, love, jealousy, money. Opportunity to commit the crime is equal to all, as apparently there is no opportunity. Never has Mrs. Christie been more impartial in her allocation of suspicion. Confronted with this smooth, flawless surface it seems impossible for anyone to find a finger-grip or toe-hold to start climbing to the top. May I suggest a line of approach to those in this desperate plight? Remember that Mrs. Christie is an artist at her craft—and out goes No. 1. Analyse the motives—and out goes No. 2, and No. 3 goes out automatically, you will find. That leaves the stickiest three for a final selection. The investigation into the crime is instigated by anonymous letters. Who has no motive for this instigation? That should dispose of No. 4. In the last predicament always rely on Mrs. Christie's impeccable art of composition. In her problems she never puts an unnecessary piece on the board. Is there a piece that appears unnecessary on this particular board? Then why, why, why is it necessary? When you answer that question you will be ready to forgive Mrs. Christie for page 158.

Two ventures into detection by intelligent newcomers provide an opportunity to comment on the pitfalls into which novices inevitably seem to fall. Mr. Dilwyn Rees and Mr. Julian Symons both approach their job in exactly the same way. First, choose a setting which you know all about—one chooses a Cambridge college; the other a group of Surrealist artists. Then fill it with lively characters and smart dialogue—nothing easier with a wide range of amusing acquaintances. Now the crime—it must be complicated and ingenious, and beware the obvious motive. Well, it's not really difficult to work out a tricky time-table, leaving everyone open to suspicion. After that all you have to do is to solve the beastly thing. What's wrong with that? Only that it sticks in the gullet of any self-respecting reader. It's no fun to watch a crime being dumped like a ton of bricks, and then to see the author hunting for a soft spot to inject a solution.

The tricky time-tables take their revenge. If any character can have done the murder, how do you solve it? Mr. Dilwyn Rees tries to remedy matters by going back over his tracks and throwing out a few clues. But the time is past when remarks like, "Where had he heard that voice before?" could be dropped with impunity. The clues in *The Cambridge Murders* line the criminal's trail like telegraph poles; but even so we are treated to the pathetic spectacle of three separate detectives trying to follow it. Mr. Julian Symons is so bogged down by his time-table that he gives up in despair and persuades his criminal to convict himself by telling a perfectly pointless lie. Why then does he bother to introduce two ineffectual detectives? Both *The Immaterial Murder Case* and *The Cambridge Murders* are amusing and very well written, but pitifully amateurish in detective craftsmanship.

By comparison *The House Without the Door* and *The X-Ray Murders* with their American cocksureness look very professional. But they don't expect much subtlety in America. Give them one new idea for a crime, and the overworked personality of the detective is expected to do the rest. Miss Daly's idea is that a woman acquitted of murdering her husband subsequently finds arsenic in her breakfast, and calls on Henry Talmadge, the detective book-worm, to find out what it means. It means that Talmadge has to rake up the old case and discover who did kill her husband. Mr. Michel's idea is that to kill anyone by X-rays may take a couple of years; and in a couple of years you can collect enough suspects to have a few extra murders whenever you feel like it. Wood Jaxon, who is paid to clear up *the X-ray murders*, is introduced as a Freudian sleuth; but he doesn't allow any psycho-analytical nonsense to interfere with his virility. In the old-fashioned style he bashes, shoots and fornicates his way to a solution.

While on the subject of X-rays Mr. Gerald Heard's latest study in crime can be dealt with. In *Murder by Reflection* a gigolo-minded young man punishes an elderly woman for her lavish attentions to him by a judicious ray-treatment; but the murder meets with unexpected retribution. As in all Mr. Heard's crimes a Dostoevsky air of doom overhangs the proceedings. None of the characters is sympathetic; and they skate about gingerly as if they might break through the brittle surface of life at any moment and fall into some unspeakable abyss of the *au-delà*. The style tastes like some new-fangled medicine, and leaves you with an uneasy feeling that Mr. Heard is doing something for your good without your knowing it.

The tail of the list degenerates into thrillers. *Nine Days' Murder* is a London black market affair with a young sergeant in the C.I.D. spending his nine days' Army leave in a chase round the West End with a deplorably Gaelic-speaking inspector from Scotland Yard. Such stories should whizz along, but Mr. MacKinnon never manages to get into top gear. Still there is a pleasant whiff of Edgar Wallace about the finale. *Design in Diamonds* and *Murder in Havana* are Nazi villainies. Miss Moore Knight specialises in Central America, so naturally her heroine has to go to Mexico to prevent the enemy getting hold of the diamonds safely locked up in New York. After much local colour and some painful mistakes in identity the heroine manages to whistle a few bars of Wagner to save the situation. Mr. Harmon Coxe used to write respectable detection, but *Murder in Havana* has a commonplace spy plot with no surprises, and only the luxurious Cuban atmosphere to titillate the reader.

The Saint and Bulldog Drummond require no description. *The Saint on Guard* is the 26th of Mr. Charteris's series; and his hero shows no signs of flagging. These fabulous monsters move with the times. The Saint is thwarting the black market and sabotage in the U.S.A., while Drummond is in the Home Guard and giving a spot of help to the Resistance in France. Mr. Gerard Fairlie has not only inherited Sapper's hero but also his style. *Captain Bulldog Drummond* is the exact equivalent, as far as I can judge, of the twelve previous Bulldogs.

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DRAMATISTS AND CRITICS

"Whither the Theatre . . .?" By CLIFFORD BAX. *Home and Van Thal.* 3s. 6d.

Ever since Hamlet found something rotten in the state of drama, critics have followed hard upon his heels. The disease is as indefinable as Disraeli found the Irish Question—it was potatoes one day, and the Pope the next. Mr. Bax, in a letter to an imaginary young sailor with ambitions to be a playwright, seems to write from the doldrums of disillusion. The Managers, excepting Mr. Anmer Hall, Nigel Playfair, and Sidney Carroll, are presented as creatures of darkness, bent upon keeping drama for ever in a state of pernicious anæmia. He demonstrates that the first plays of dramatists of quality have all been presented by the Stage Society, private philanthropy, or experimental enthusiasm, and not by the commercial theatre. For him a critic is "a morbid parasite, who exists upon the blood of creative men and women." Addressing one, Mr. Bax feels that he is speaking to "a ridiculous and bedizened tart . . . He is a monstrosity—a sow with five legs. Nature did not intend him." This is hard hitting, and reminds one of Sheridan's Mrs. Dangle gibing at her husband with: "Are you not called a theatrical Quidnunc, and a mock Mæcenas to second-rate authors?" Yet when Sneer in *The Critic* complains of Sir Fretful Plagiary's "affected contempt of all newspaper strictures, though he is at the same time the sorest man alive," he gives a possible clue to Mr. Bax's petulant philippic. Charges of "pompous brainlessness" and "pretentiousness" in critics should rest on a broader bottom than evidence that they have sometimes fallen into error over Mr. Bax's own plays. Mr. Agate gets let off lightly because he, like the soldier in *Saint Joan*, has one good deed to his credit—he once told an incredulous world that Mr. Bax was "not without interest."

Although this essay seems to suggest that its author has passed too many Sunday nights nursing his spleen in the conscientious discomfort of the Minority Theatre, while half of himself longs for the glittering prizes of the warm and hospitable Majority Theatre, it contains much that is wise and true, and which the embryonic playwright will do well to remember. "A play must always progress." "Dramatic moments—if you have no relish for them, you should take in writing quiet-hued short stories." "Tragedy to the theatre is an initiation ceremony." His remarks about his contemporaries often ring the bell. "Mr. Coward's glib and filleted dialogue," and "even second-rate Bridie is worth more than the best that R——, O——, or T—— can offer us." But he is surely only partially correct when he speaks of the burglar's part as being introduced to bring action to *Heartbreak House*. Does he not appear as much in order to give Shaw the opportunity to air his views on society's responsibility to and for the malefactor?

Mr. Bax complains that no government, Right or Left, will ever have the pluck to earmark a million pounds for a cultural object. Perhaps not, but it would only be fair reporting to make mention of C.E.M.A. and to refer to its enlightened help to the London and provincial theatre. Yet, though the whole essay has the air of having been written yesterday and not to-day, Mr. Bax hits the nail on the head when he puts his imaginary manager, Henslowe, on trial for the present plight of the theatre. Henslowe has too many irons in the fire, and controls too many theatres. In the old days, if an author had his play rejected by one manager, the disappointment meant that only one theatre was knocked off his list of hopes. There were plenty of others, mostly running a single theatre, to whom he could send his play. Nowadays Henslowe is too busy to undertake a manager's most important job—reading scripts and discovering and encouraging potential dramatic ability in whatever form it expresses itself. What chance has he when he is working on the grand scale, controlling half a dozen shows in London, casting two or three more, supervising the tours of five others, and busy with negotiations for American or film rights? The young writer to-day generally chooses any medium of expression before the play form, because the chances are all against his ever seeing his play performed. Excessively long runs close the available theatres to new plays over a period of years. Scripts of quality are the contemporary theatre's imperative need, and these are more likely to be forthcoming when there are again a large number of managers, working on a comparatively small scale, each with his own taste and willing to back it. Henslowe has waxed out of proportion and grown bombastical. He must be put into the straitwaistcoat of his first duty—the discovery of good plays. Mr. Bax's sailor correspondent must not be discouraged. The theatre badly needs his script.

JOHN GARRETT

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This powerful sermon by Professor Barth should be read by millions—inside and outside the German frontiers. The eminent theologian knows the Germans well. He does not approach "the German problem" as a sentimentalist. He approaches it from a truly Christian point of view. There are no illusions about the German past, nor is Professor Barth self-righteous like so many who have contributed to the discussion on Germany in recent years. The sermon is addressed to the Swiss, but its message is meant for all of us, wherever we may live. May this lonely strong voice from Basle be listened to.

Week-end Competitions

No. 833

Set by Nicolas Bentley

Many universal benefactors remain anonymous during their lives and eventually die unsung. The usual prizes are offered for epitaphs, either in verse or prose, on any of the following: the inventors of the paper clip, the card index, the safety pin, the scissors, the water-closet, the umbrella, the windscreen wiper, the bicycle clip. Not more than eight lines. Entries by January 22.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 830

Set by Sam Smiles

In a letter to *The Times* the President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours declares that "the time has come when someone should come into the open and challenge the movement" headed by Matisse and Picasso. The former is aged 76, the latter 64, and so six guineas are offered for the best letters declaring that "the time has come when someone should come into the open" against G. B. Shaw, Logan Pearsall Smith, Walter de la Mare, Sibelius, Einstein or Winston Churchill. Limit 180 words.

Report by Sam Smiles

There is nothing surprising in people disliking a man's work, even when his abilities are no longer open to question. What makes Mr. Wilkinson's letter so comical is that people have been "coming into the open" against Matisse and Picasso, as against Mr. Churchill and Mr. Shaw, for at least forty years. I expected entries declaring that the time had come to protest against Mr. Churchill's boisterous support of the 1909 Budget, or to denounce the "unpleasantness" of *Widowers' Houses* and *The Memoirs of a Midget*. But most competitors were content to reprove the veterans, ironically or even solemnly. L. V. Upward, E. W. Fordham and Lt. Comdr. Douglas Clark will divide the first prize of four guineas. Two guineas will be divided between D. L. Chesterton,

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Logan Pearsall Smith and C. J. A. The entries of these three competitors amused me very much, though they have no very close relation to Mr. Wilkinson's innocent assumptions. Indeed, Mr. Pearsall Smith in his protest against himself positively emphasises the length of time during which we have been suffering from him! I append an entry by Gerontophile, whose disregard of the word limit disqualifies him for a prize.

SIR,—There must be some cure for the "Bernard Shaw disease"—that unpleasant rash which is spreading itself across the features of modern literature. Can it not be found now before the rising generation becomes infected? It is high time this playwright's work was shown up for what it really is, instead of being allowed to stand at his own excessively high valuation and that of his handful of shockheaded disciples, not merely because of his contempt for orthodoxy in the matter of phraseology, repulsive though this sometimes is, but because he hits below the belt. All the best traditions of English drama are being outraged by his habit of holding—or attempting to hold—the interest of his audience with one hand, as it were, while injecting an insidious poison with the other—a technique which is as intolerable as it is un-British, and a hopeless departure from the truest and highest forms of art. L. V. UPWARD

SIR,—Before it is too late the bubble reputation of the man Shaw must be pricked.

Clever? Doubtless. But consider the lamentable picture as a whole. Here is a dramatic critic who, forsooth, could not even appreciate Irving. Here is a dramatist some of whose plays have been refused a licence because of their shocking impropriety—English mothers, ponder that! A patriot? Henry Arthur Jones has answered *that* question. A Socialist? A Communist? Bank balances, Sir, speak louder and far more comfortably than words. A controversialist? Why, certainly, and talented to boot. But for what holy, what Imperial causes have the talents of this addict of the prize-ring been employed? I repeat, what? I also ask—are there not *some* talents whose only appropriate home is a napkin?

Again, what appeal does the roast beef of old England make to this hoary Merry-Andrew? How does this water toss-pot react to nut-brown ale? How . . .? But enough. Some subjects are too distasteful to pursue; some beings too insignificant to deserve the advertisement of lengthy exposure. Ugh!

E. W. FORDHAM

SIR,—The cinematic presentation of G. B. Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra* brings a dangerous impostor squarely before the public eye. We have heard of this gentleman before. He is the idol of the long-haired intelligentsia, the delight of peculiar play-reading societies, the Messiah of Bloomsbury. Now that he seeks a wider audience it is time his impudent pretensions were exposed.

Shaw's plays deal in "ideas." Ideas are in themselves un-English; his are downright unhealthy. Using revolting language, he ridicules religion (established, salvationist, revealed), doctors, marriage, class distinctions. He glorifies the negro, his argument embellished with shameful woodcuts. His interest in a so-called "Life Force" verges on the obscene; his defence of disorderly houses leaves obscenity behind.

If his influence takes root, the future of the theatre is dark indeed. Whether he has staying power, time alone will show; but we can take no risks. To challenge his decadent trash, a "Boost for Maeterlinck" Club is being formed. If we must have modernity, let it be clean. Watch the back cover of the NEW STATESMAN for further details.

DOUGLAS CLARK

SIR,—I observe with profound misgiving the recent incursion into the cinema of that notorious Socialist agitator, Bernard Shaw, and feel that his choice of a libidinous woman as heroine is certainly no accident. The debasement of moral standards is an obvious prerequisite for the introduction of the hideous doctrine which he preaches, and one must look to such activities for an explanation of the Election disaster and the subsequent robbery of the coal-owners, directors of the Bank of England, and other hard-working citizens whose enterprise has made us what we are. I need not point out that the use of the cinema as a medium for the corruption of youth forms part of a Judæo-Masonic plot to disrupt the Empire—a plot to which Eire, as her war-record shows, is undoubtedly privy. It is time, sir, that every patriotic Briton came out boldly to challenge the conspirators, and to demand that the agent Shaw be deported to his own country of rebels, whence he should never have been allowed to emerge. *Pro Bono Publico.* D. L. CHESTERTON

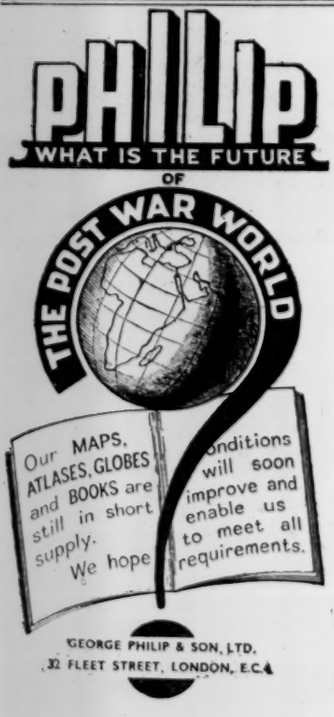
SIR,—I feel it my duty to protest against the over-prolonged existence of that booby called "Arthur Smith" in the American papers. Too long has this deflated old American wind-bag been making us sick with his arty talk about style, and what he calls "the lovely art of writing." "Art," indeed! Hasn't the old ignoramus learnt from the teaching of Joad and Lord Elton and Pritchett that style consists in having something to say, and not caring two hoots how you say it? And what about the great labour-saving discovery of Grub Street and the Brains Trust Thinkers, that if your thought is sincere, the right words will rush to your pen without care or trouble?

This old gaffer likes to call himself the Sage of Chelsea; but with old Carlyle, and that other old bore, Henry James (whom Smith apes and echoes)—no more Sages for Chelsea, thank you!

Can't he be chucked into his deep dark grave in the Brompton Cemetery (he has one foot in it already), or hustled off ding-dong to the Funny House, as they say in the country he abandoned more than sixty years ago. LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

SIR,—Statements such as "the speed of light is constant irrespective of the speed of the observer" are calculated to have a subversive and undermining effect on the minds of physics students. I must confess that although I have not seen the originals I have seen photographs of his grotesque sculptures and neither admire nor comprehend them. It is all the more difficult therefore to understand the credence given to his interference with the fundamentals of science which have been so firmly laid out by Newton, and I appeal to all those who have some regard for established theory to use the utmost effort to oppose what can only be described as an alien and unhealthy influence on what has been regarded, in this country, hitherto, as an essentially British science. C. J. A.

SIR,—Surely the time has come when someone should step forward to protest against the intrusion of yet another American into the demesne made sacred by Tupper, Caine, Doyle and Galsworthy. We have borne with the grossness of a Longfellow and an Emerson. But now a book has been brought to my attention entitled *Trivia*. It parades a disrespect, such as even Presbyterians have usually had the good taste to conceal, for the Established Church. Nay worse, this Transatlantic scribbler openly ridicules the Nobility, insinuating even that ladies of title lack nicety not only of taste but—*proh pudor!*—of conduct. The degeneracy of this upstart's character is mirrored in the deliquescence of his style. He cannot say a plain thing plainly. No, he must hint, he must snigger, he must use what he presumably is pleased to consider irony. For my part, sir, I shall not be surprised to learn that he is a Socinian. Let us have no more of this decadent and perverted stuff. Have we not writers of our own, that we must waste paper on the lucubrations of un-English novices? Why, sir, only the other day I was disquieted to see daubs by a fellow called Ingres and to hear so-called music by some other foreigner appropriately named Bark. The time has indeed come . . . GERONTOPHILE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SOMERSET and Bath Mental Hospital, Cotford, Nr. Taunton, Somerset. Applics. invited for post of Psychiatric Social Worker, at Cotford Mental Hospital, Nr. Taunton. Candids. should hold Mental Health Cert. Salary £275, rising by annual increments of £12 10s. to £350 p.a., plus war bonus of £48 5s. (or in accordance with scales laid down by Assoc. at time of appointment). Post subject to provisions of Asylums' Officers' Superann. Act, 1909. Accom. arranged at Hospital, if desired. Applics., stating age, exp. and qualifications, with copies of 3 testims. to K. C. Bailey, Medical Superintendent, as soon as possible.

HERTFORDSHIRE C.C. Applics. invited for undermentioned appointments at County Library H.Q., Hertford:—(*a*) Sectional assistant to be responsible for cataloguing, classific., etc. (*b*) Sectional assistant to be responsible for ref. work, requests, etc. (*c*) Sectional assistant to be responsible for exchanges, i.e., selecting, discharging, etc. (*d*) Sectional assistant to be responsible for school libraries. Candids. must have had good exp. of work in County Library H.Q. and must have obtained Fellowship or Associateship of Library Assoc. Applicants for post (*d*) must have a good knowledge of children's literature, and exp. in a children's library considered an advantage. Salary for each post will be:—£285 × £15 to a maximum of approx. £355 or £360 p.a. plus war bonus, at present 23s. p.w. for men and 18s. 6*d*. for women. Applics. specifying particular appointment sought, with copies of 3 testims. to County Educ. Officer, County Hall, Hertford, by February 28th. Candids. at present serving in H.M. Forces should indicate their probable date of demob.

GLASGOW School of Art. Governors invite applics. for post of Director, becoming vacant at end of present session, June, 1946. Further information and partics. of appointment and conditions of service from Elizabeth D. Brown, 167 Renfrew St., Glasgow, C.3.

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UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Applics. invited for following posts, tenable from October 1st, or from such other date earlier or later as may be arranged: 1. Lecturer in Social Econs., salary, £500–£800. 2. Lecturer in Social Science, salary £500–£800. 3. Lecturer in Econs. (especially Money and Banking), salary £400–£600. 4. Research Appointments in (*a*) Trade Union History and Structure and (*b*) Local Government, salary £400–£600. 5. Assistant in Social Econs., salary £340–£380. Further partics. from Robt. T. Hutcheson, Sec. of University Court, by whom applics. will be received up to February 15th.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Applics. invited for post of Assistant Lecturer, or Grade IIc Lecturer, in History. Salary Scale: Assistant Lecturer: £400 p.a. Grade IIc Lecturer: £500–£550 p.a. Post open equally to men and women applicants. Further partics. obtained from C. G. Burton, Secretary, The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3, to whom 3 copies of applics., with copies of not more than 3 testimonials, and names of 2 refs. should be sent by February 28th.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Council invites applics. for post of Assistant Lecturer in Dept. of Educ. Minimum salary £400 p.a. Further partics. from Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applics. must be received by January 30th.

TURKISH Specialist: Applics. invited to fill post of Assistant (Senior) in Near East Service of B.B.C. Candidates must have a thoroughly up-to-date knowledge of Turkish language, pref. with recent residence in Turkey. Work will consist primarily of supervising linguistic standards of B.B.C. Turkish transmissions; and more generally of assisting in certain aspects of planning of Turkish transmissions. Salary offered in grade rising to maximum of £800 p.a., with maximum entry point (according to age) of £600 p.a., plus Cost of Living Bonus £44 4s. p.a., and Family Allowances. For a candidate of exceptional qualifics. a higher grade of salary might be considered. Appointment to unestab. staff; entry to permanent staff subject to later consideration. Applics. with dets. of age and exp. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1 by Jan. 19th. Mark envelopes "Turkish Specialist."

REQUIRED for January term in new girls' boarding school, qualified woman to organise History and Geography up to School Certificate standard. Resident post with pleasant living conditions and no domestic duties, offering scope as school develops. Apply Mrs. E. Lewis, B.A. (Oxon.), Headmistress, East Haddon Hall, Northampton.

Appointments—continued

HANDICRAFTS. Woman Organiser wanted to promote and assist informal classes in wide range of handicrafts in Clubs, Community Centres, Women's Institutes, Townswomen's Guilds, etc. Able to speak and demonstrate successfully. Commence £300. State, age, educ., technical qualifics., exp., when free. Secretary, Community Council of Lancashire, Selnec House, Manchester, 14.

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YOUNG teacher required for Midlands; co-educational school to take junior work and preferably music and girls' games. Salary £300 p.a., resident. Box E, Smith & Son, Greengate Street, Stafford.

COMPETENT shorthand-typist wanted for interesting and varied work on scientific films; £4 p.w. Apply Miss Fainstone, Royal Society of Medicine, 1 Wimpole St., W.1.

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Appointments—continued

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